

mosque, or haply before the Bey himself. But, fitted together with another object, it makes a gigantic tobacco-pipe. We are shown great swords and other things, and in a separate court a number of huge anchors, which we guess to be those of the pirate-ships of a past age. But we hear afterwards that they are at least held to be the anchors of English ships sent unsuccessfully against the pirates in the days of Charles II. At Kairwan, or even at Tunis, it is not easy to strengthen oneself with the details of an event of which one seems to have a very dim memory. The modern saint whose name the mosque bears was a collector as well as a saint, and he persuaded the Bey to have these trophies of Mussulman victory brought here to enrich his museum. It seems too that Sidi Amar Abada was not above the mean weakness of wishing to pass for a man of great stature. It is said that he preferred to collect objects of great size to flatter this belief—that posterity might fancy, for instance, that the giant pipe had been really smoked by the giant saint. Humbly to carry a hair of the Prophet's beard under one's tongue is at least better than thus to exalt oneself at the cost of truth.

We must confess to being a little disappointed in these two outside mosques. We expected finer architectural effects. But when, after a rest, we set off to see the buildings within the city, we have every disappointment fully made up. We start for the Great Mosque, the mosque of the founder Sidi-Okba, the genuine work of the first Saracen conqueror of the seventh century. But here we must pause a while. The Great Mosque of Kairwan is too great, too memorable in every way, to be dealt with in a corner, or even to be allowed a fellow. That wonderful work must be treated by itself. When we have fully examined and contemplated it, we may perhaps venture to say a word or two on its place and the place of its fellows in the history of the building art.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

IV.—LITERATURE AT DINNER AND SCIENCE AT HOME.

BY a somewhat awkward mischance, both Literature and Science—the Royal Literary Fund and the Royal Society—fixed their annual festivals this year for the same day. It is to be feared that the Literary Fund would have suffered from the accident—for does not its festival take the form of a “charity dinner”?—if it had not been for the good-nature of the Prince of Wales. Society knows its duty to the Heir-Apparent, and whenever he agrees to take part in a charitable work, even though that work assumes the odious form of presiding at a public dinner, Society rallies to his support. It thus happened that Wednesday's dinner of the Royal Literary Fund—which was the centenary dinner, by the way—was one of the most successful ever held in connection with that deserving charity.

The inevitable sameness which marks the public dinner in London is broken to a certain extent in the case of the Royal Literary Fund by the fact that a considerable proportion of those attending it are really literary men. We do not know that Lord Tennyson was ever present at one of these gatherings, and possibly the chiefs of the Republic of Letters think it well to absent themselves from the function. But there is always at a Literary Fund Dinner a fair sprinkling of those people whose names and thoughts are more familiar to the world at large than are their faces. If any sweet young cousin from the country chanced to be among the large number of ladies who occupied the galleries of St. James's Hall on Wednesday, she must have enjoyed an opportunity seldom vouchsafed even to the genuine Cockney of seeing a number of literary celebrities in the flesh.

At the high table, it is true, Literature was severely snubbed. Only one man of letters was allowed to sit among the Royalties,

the Excellencies, and the Right Reverends who monopolised that sacred spot; and as this fortunate exception to the rule was himself a Right Honourable and an ex-Cabinet Minister, even in his case it might be doubtful whether a compliment had been paid to literature or to politics. But in the body of the hall, among the mass of diners who struggled with the usual ill-success to satisfy their appetites, our Country Cousin was doubtless able to discover some, at least, of her literary heroes. There, for example, well placed at the middle table, was Mr. Lecky, and just opposite to him sat Dr. Johnson's great successor in the art of making dictionaries—Dr. William Smith. Somewhat farther from the chair Mr. Lewis Morris might have been discerned discoursing sweetly with Mr. Austin Dobson, and looking blandly unconscious of the fact that an eminent *Saturday Reviewer* was sipping champagne within a few yards of him. Lovers of fiction of the exalted kind had a fleeting glimpse of the back of the head of the author of “John Inglesant,” whilst those to whom “John Inglesant” is as caviare to the general, could feast their eyes upon the marked features of the creator of “She,” and the discoverer of “King Solomon's Mines.” Music came to smile upon its sister art in the person of Sir Arthur Sullivan; painting had its representative in Sir Frederick Leighton; and science shone resplendent in the person of Mr. Norman Lockyer.

But as it happened, the guests about whom the largest amount of popular curiosity was displayed were not poets, or novelists, or writers of history, or even musicians or painters. They were three or four young men, dressed in evening clothes of the very latest cut, with smooth clean-shaven faces, and singularly youthful aspect, upon whom all eyes were turned. They were the companions of Stanley in his great journey; and it was amusing to contrast their almost boyish aspect with the wrinkled faces, grizzled beards, and generally battered appearance of the men of letters by whom they were surrounded. Certainly no one would have suspected, from outward appearances merely, that these young dandies were fresh from Starvation Camp and the flanks of Ruwenzori.

What shall we say of the speeches which in due time followed the dinner? The Prince was kindly, courteous, and pathetic, rather than patronising. Some perhaps of those who listened to him—men of letters with a comfortable consciousness of the fact that they owned a cheque-book—smiled when he drew a sombre picture of the general misery and poverty attendant upon the literary calling. Nobody winced when Johnson's well-worn line was once more employed to point the moral of the author's fate; but there was so much of genuine good feeling in the simple reference to the sad case of two well-known writers who have lately died, that the speaker touched the hearts of those present more effectually than he could have done by any flight of eloquence, and had his reward in the biggest subscription list ever handed in at a public dinner.

Then came the speeches of the evening. It was not easy to understand why the Bishop of Ripon should display such unfeigned astonishment at finding that it had fallen to his lot to propose a toast to which Mr. Morley was to respond. After all, the gulf which separates Mr. Morley from Dr. Boyd Carpenter is not absolutely immeasurable. They are both, we believe, members of the same distinguished club, and although the Bishop may regard the opinions of Mr. Morley with abhorrence, he must have learned before this that his own spotless lawn runs no risk of being soiled by contact with the author of the essay on Compromise. To Mr. Morley fell the hard lot of making the chief speech of the dinner at the fag end of the evening, when the ladies had, it is to be feared, grown somewhat tired of gazing at the Royal Chairman engaged in smoking a cigar, and when even the attractions of Mr. Rider Haggard and Surgeon Parke had begun to pall. Gallantly, however, Mr. Morley charged his fence and cleared it. Nothing could have been better in substance or in form than his vindication of the place of the man of letters in the modern world by his inquiry as to what England would be to-day without some of the illustrious writers of the

past; whilst his references to the journalism of the present day—the better part of it—were marked by a generosity of tone which all journalists who have risen “on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things,” are not, unfortunately, capable of showing. As one listened to the clear, penetrating tones, an odd vision was raised by some trick of the memory before one’s eyes. It was that of a young man, very smartly dressed, who might have been seen two or three-and-twenty years ago, in the lobby of the House of Commons, engaged in earnest conversation with Mr. Bright. Mr. Morley still wears a youthful look, but he has lost the smartness of gait and apparel which distinguished the editor of the defunct *Morning Star* in those happy days of “life’s morning march, when the spirit was young.” His speech told us—what perhaps some already knew—that journalism was more profitable than literature pure and simple; it had besides the fine tone, the clearness of expression, the simplicity of style which ought to mark the man of letters on such an occasion, and it gave the speaker no ground for indulgence in those bitter after-thoughts which occasionally afflict even the most accomplished of after-dinner orators, as he rides home in his cab at the end of the feast.

It is no far cry from St. James’s Hall to Burlington House, so many a man who had dined with the authors paid his respects to the men of science at their “black” *soirée*. How different was the one scene from the other! Literature in the reeking tavern atmosphere, hustled by clumsy waiters, elbowed by newly enriched millionaires, compelled to gaze from a reverential distance at the high table where sat princes, and peers, and bishops, and ambassadors, formed but a poor contrast to Science in its own simple but stately home. Here the men of mind were on an equality with the men of matter. It was Science which welcomed with a grave cordiality the politicians and peers and men of the world, who came to offer homage at her shrine, and to get a bird’s-eye view of her achievements during the past twelve months. Many a remarkable face, many a head of strange shape, met the eye in Burlington House. The people here were not so well known, perhaps, in the market-place of the world as the poets and authors we had left at St. James’s Hall, but they had the look of men who were certain of their fame because they were certain of the reality of their work.

As one came away, and strolled westward along Piccadilly, it was to ask the question why Science is housed like a prince, whilst Literature still sups like a wayfarer in a tavern. Some day, perhaps, the man of letters also may have his home, and bid the world welcome in it, instead of being compelled to limit himself to the dismal hospitalities of a charity dinner.

DE MORTUIS.

MR. R. L. STEVENSON has very effectively butchered Dr. Hyde of Honolulu to make a Roman holiday for the lovers of good prose. Dr. Hyde—this time a real one—is a Presbyterian Minister in the South Seas, and he has written a letter to a reverend brother to be-little Father Damien. As Mr. Stevenson points out, he has played the part of Devil’s advocate at the popular canonisation of this saint. He means no harm, we feel sure, he has but honestly done his best “according to his lights.”

Father Damien, observes Dr. Hyde, though generally pictured by the newspapers as “a most saintly philanthropist,” was “a coarse dirty man, headstrong and bigoted.” He had “no hand in the reforms and improvements inaugurated, which were the work of our Board of Health.” There is more of it, and worse, in regard to the Father’s purity of life; but this pitch we need not touch. At sight of this letter, Mr. Stevenson flies into a righteous passion, and handles Dr. Hyde with the gloves off in two terrible replies, the last of which was published the other day in the *Scots Observer*. To make the castigation more effective, he begins by admitting half the adver-

sary’s case. Poor Damien, of whom Mr. Stevenson knew a good deal by report, was certainly a dirty fellow in the non-spiritual sense. He had a defective sense of hygiene, and, in that particular, did not manage his leper community very well. He was also not strong in the moral qualities of command. He tried to bribe his unruly flock into goodness with a result that anybody but himself might have foreseen. He was a peasant as well as a Roman Catholic priest, and in both kinds he had a tendency to a certain narrowness and obstinacy. He could part with his shirt to clothe a fellow-creature, but not without a “human” grumble at the necessity of the sacrifice. “I have no small talk,” said the Duke of Wellington, on a memorable occasion, “and Peel has no manners.” Damien seems to have united these defects in his own person. On the other side, as an offset he had one not insignificant quality. He could go to Molokai, amid these “butt ends of human beings,” and lie down and die just to draw upon them the compassionating glance of the world. He was altogether, says Mr. Stevenson in a splendid outburst, “alive with rugged honesty, generosity, and truth,” and, “if ever any man brought reforms, and died to bring them, it was he.” Of what was best in the work of others, including that of “our Board of Health,” he was the moving cause. “To a mind not prejudiced by jealousy, all the reforms of the Lazaretto, and even those which he most vigorously opposed, are properly the work of Damien.”

It is a pretty quarrel, the prettier for the consideration that the parties agree. The Devil’s advocate and the Father’s do but draw a dirty fellow from different points of view. In one case, the figure is all in shadow; in the other, it catches a ray of high light straight from the skies. Both, however, merit our warmest thanks; for, between them, they have produced the first conceivable likeness of Damien. It is something to be thankful for, in an age of portraiture which, as Mr. Stevenson hints, is given up entirely to productions in wax-work. It is time to reconsider our silly maxim, *De Mortuis*, which has been responsible for more vile art in biography than all other causes of decay put together. The Damien of Mr. Stevenson and of Dr. Hyde is a possible human being; the Damien of report, fast hardening into legend, was but a plaster image from a shop of *objets de pitié*. If the story of a great life is to profit us, we must be made to feel that it is the life of a fellow-creature, and, to this end, some suggestion of the brotherhood of weakness is indispensable. The true artist will always be very careful about the wart on the nose. The sense of relationship to ourselves once established, we watch the fortunes of the heroic figure with the liveliest curiosity. Our interest is the interest of hope. What he, who was so decidedly one of ourselves in the little things of life, has done in the great things—that may we hope to do. And if we may not, there is still a sense of personal triumph in his elevation. The man who, in spite of his dead weight of defect, has soared so high into the blue, is still one of the family, and but yesterday he stood by our side. The perfect being is altogether beyond us, and his achievements import no encouragement and no lesson. All this is a secret of literary art, if it is no more; and we ought to be infinitely grateful to those who know how to use it. At the outset the great man invariably falls into the hands of the bad artist. The first portraits of Gordon were all in treacle. His eyes were always cast Heavenward, and he thrust his Bible on you like a certificate of character. It seemed wicked to think of him singing, smoking, falling into a passion, doing a stupid thing. Then, in due time, came the blessed truth that he was capable of all these enormities. We were permitted to see him in his futile rages, his grievous lapses from common sense, in his inexpressibly silly commentaries on the book of Genesis, in his childish attempts to identify the Forbidden Fruit with something that grows on an island of the Seychelles. From that background of human frailty his true greatness stood—fresh, clear, and bright. The courage, and the faculty of his management of the ever-victorious army, found a splendid foil in the fiddle-de-dee of his theory of the Fall.

The grandeur of his death at Khartoum was a bill of indemnity for all the pettiness of his taunts to the Mahdi in that curious system of theological controversy by cartel which they kept up from their respective sides of the wall. Gordon became one of us by this revelation of his weaknesses; and it was stimulating in the highest degree to know that one of us might, upon occasion, become so much like one of the angels. But if he had been left all angel from the beginning, as the chromolithographers had drawn him, the sense of brotherhood which gave the sole interest to the study must have been altogether lost. The craving for gossip about distinguished persons comes in obedience to this supreme necessity. We want to know the man in both kinds, and the silly panegyrist will insist on giving us only one. Nepos would have produced a far better portrait of his friend Atticus, if he could have drawn him more honestly, as what he evidently was—a good man sitting on the fence. The most nauseating performance in all modern literary art is a *discours de réception* at the Académie Française. Oh for a corrective of wholesome bitter to all this sweet, just to get the sticky sugar off the tongue! In no distant future, let us hope, the title-page of every biography will announce that the hero's *valet de chambre* has obligingly revised the proofs of the work.

THE NEW MR. DICK AND HIS FRIENDS.

OUR daily contemporaries sometimes spare a corner for extracts from the humorous papers, and that the public may know to laugh, the sallies are headed "Cuttings from the Comics." It has often seemed to us that "the Comics" might use the same heading for a weekly column of mirthful matter from the serious press. For unintentional humour is more diverting than forced fun. Perhaps the *Times*, especially in its letters, is the journal to which Mr. Burnand should first turn his eyes in search of copy, for though many of our wise men contribute to its correspondence columns, they are few in number compared to the well-intentioned persons who shoot their folly upon it daily. "The Comics" might begin their column any week, but this week for preference, for even the hundreds who gibbeted themselves the other day in the *Times* in a vain hunt for a word, were engaged in a less comic controversy than that which has since arisen over the size of the block on which the unhappy Charles I. lost his head. We say comic, speaking in the interests of *Punch*. To ourselves the discussion is not only grotesque but depressing. We can scarcely remember anything so small.

The tragedy at Whitehall was one of the greatest events in English history. In the lesson it taught to kings it began the modern world. Now we have Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Parker Smith at variance about whether the block was three feet high or only six inches. They turn their backs on the sea to marvel over a puddle. Was ever grandeur so be-littled? The gentlemen who carve their name and address on the Sphinx, the householder who stopped a hole with Imperial Caesar's dust, are not to be mentioned in the same breath with these *Times* correspondents. The best that can be said of them is that they did not begin the controversy, and perhaps the worst is that they have not ended it. Mr. Palgrave gave them their opportunity by arguing that the block was a low rail six inches high, and Mr. Parker Smith is anxious to have it known that he agrees with him. Lord Carnarvon is anxious to have it known that he differs from him. Very foolishly both Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Parker Smith give their reasons, and very cruelly the *Times* prints their letters on the same day. Neither has any reason worth speaking of, and, quaint as this may seem, such reason as they have is one and the same. Lord Carnarvon is able to quote his authority. It is Andrew Marvell's lines:

"He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;

Nor called the Gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right:
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed."

This is Lord Carnarvon's proof that the block was some three feet high. Unfortunately Mr. Parker Smith brings forward proof that it was only six inches high, and his proof is—the same lines! When these two gentlemen opened their *Times* and found their letters and reasons together they must have been sorry they wrote. Let this be a warning to them to avoid such controversies in future. With a very little imagination we must all be able to picture the scene at Whitehall, its pathos, its tragedy, its sublimity, and we should think of it for a hundred years before we have a moment to spare for measuring the block.

But gentlemen who cannot see the greatness of an event that changed the world's history because a clog of wood obscures their view, are not the only correspondents whom this ludicrous discussion has hurried to their ink-bottles. It had been thought that the celebrated Mr. Dick was dead, but Mr. Dick reappeared in the *Times* on Monday, and is evidently still in vigorous health. The new Mr. Dick, whose name is also that of the leader of the House of Commons, though there the resemblance ceases, is indignant (to use a mild word) at the heading which the *Times* has given the controversy. It says "execution" where Mr. Smith would have expected "murder." Those who tend to forget the existence of an organisation called the White Rose may be surprised at Mr. Smith's language. Very erroneously, he says, is the "dismal tragedy of January 30, 1649," called an execution. This must be quoted for the benefit of those who speak of Mr. Dick in the past tense:—"Your correspondent's idea of treason and regicide seems wonderfully hazy; perhaps it might clear his understanding to carefully peruse the Act of Parliament—viz. XII. A. Car. II., chap. 2, entitled 'An Act for the attainer of several persons guilty of the horrid murder of his late Sacred Majesty, King Charles I.' Also, may I be permitted to direct your correspondent's attention to the verbatim reports of the trials of these same persons for high treason at 'Hicks Hall,' Clerkenwell, and the Old Bailey, in October, 1660: and the masterly summing-up of the case against those wretched traitors by Sir Orlando Bridgeman, the Lord Chief Baron of the High Court of Exchequer, followed a day or two later by the hanging, drawing, and quartering of ten of the worst of them at Charing Cross. . . . In conclusion, allow me to point out that the word 'execution' implies legality, and cannot be applied to the sacrilegious putting to death of a sovereign by his rebellious subjects." No one, we fancy, will be angry with Mr. Smith for this quaint statement, and even those who may feel inclined to laugh at it will like the writer. He at least retains his individuality. But is it not surprising to hear such arguments in the nineteenth century? They at once take us back two hundred years. For a nation to tell a king that they preferred their way to his was monstrous, and to take it in spite of him was rebellious. It was, in short, illegal. Cromwell and his Roundheads should have turned up an Act of Parliament for guidance, and on seeing that they were acting in error, have laid their own heads on the block instead of their rebellious king's. This is so plain to Mr. Smith and his friends that they probably wonder as much at us as we at them. Being in the minority, however, they cannot take the word "execution" from us as good-humouredly as we take "murder" from them, and though Mr. Smith himself is doubtless an amiable gentleman, few things are more certain than that some of the Mr. Dicks still with us would, if they could, have every one who is not of their way of thinking upon this subject, hanged on the gallows tree. Legality is their word, and like the block in the case of Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Parker Smith, it blinds them to everything greater. Instead of making short shrift of us they are respectable members of society, but if they had the upper-hand—! They are, indeed, in the position of the more humorous Irishman who did not rebel "because the police wouldn't let him."

BUT WHY "BLACKGUARDS"?

SOME time since a Mr. George Bainton—an egregious person—was requested by a number of young men to address them upon the art of composition and effective public speech. "Thinking how best to make such a topic interesting as well as instructive," Mr. George Bainton wrote around to various authors and speakers, asking them for "personal experiences and counsels." He received many "valuable and helpful replies," he tells us: and we may add (though this is by the way) that he has no doubt increased their value and helpfulness to himself by printing them in the shape of a book, with his own name on the title-page.

Now, this is the "valuable and helpful" reply given by Mr. William Morris, poet, Socialist, and upholsterer:—

"I was at Oxford before it was so much spoiled as it has been since by the sordid blackguards of Dons who pretend to educate young people there. I had the sense to practically refuse to learn anything I didn't like; and also, practically, nobody attempted to teach me anything. In short, I had leisure, pleasure, good health, and was the son of a well-to-do man. These were my advantages."

Now the theory of Mr. Morris, implied in the above sentence, that a University should be a place where no pretence is made of educating young people, may be allowed to pass. The superfluity of the whole confession, too, hardly needs comment. Who, for instance, imagined that Mr. Morris learnt his *Æneid* or *Odyssey*—works that he has translated—from tutors who made, or could make, any pretence of educating young people? But why drag in poor old Oxford at all? Why slight Wardour Street?

And—to alter a word of Fielding's—why "blackguards"? Shall we tell Mr. Bainton's young men that you, William Morris, have been the guest of these gentlemen you now fling filthy words at? Shall we tell them that certain of these "blackguards" have entertained you and allowed you the use of a College Hall, and politely stifled their yawns whilst you railed against their incomes? That would be slightly damaging—would it not, Mr. Morris?—to your reputation as a man of sensitive honour in the eyes of Mr. Bainton's young men.

But, indeed, Mr. Morris is not worth the trouble; for a short way has been found with him. He and his fellows have scarcely been happy, of late, in giving or provoking challenges. And here is one of these "sordid blackguards" who writes to the *Oxford Magazine* as follows:—

"Will Mr. Morris submit to a fair challenge? Let us revive the practice Mr. Morris no doubt learnt when he was taught Demosthenes by men who were not sordid and only moderately blackguardly. Excluding Heads of Houses, will Mr. Morris submit to an *antidosis* of property, and exchange the paper-shop (Socialism thrown in) for a year's trial of sordid profit as a don (blackguardism included), the gains to be handed over to the advancement of the sacred cause of Anarchy?"

Of course Mr. Morris will do nothing of the kind. He knows well enough how slight is the purse of an ordinary Oxford Don, and how many the demands upon it. You won't catch men of Mr. Morris's breed accepting any such challenge.

But the thing to be marked is that this expression "sordid blackguards" occurs among the few words of counsel sent by Mr. Morris to help young men in "the art of composition and effective public speech." Therein lies the humour of it, or rather the ghastly lack of humour in the intellectual outfit of W. Morris, poet and house decorator. So, once again, Why "blackguards"? Why not "niddering wights," or some other of the opprobrious terms dear to the upholsterous Muse? Now we come to think of it, Mr. Morris, you must have taken the wrong turning out of Oxford Street, and found yourself not in Wardour Street but in Seven Dials.

In fact, Mr. Morris, we (your fellow-Socialists) are looking at you rather anxiously just now. Will you accept this challenge in the *Oxford Magazine*, or will you accept the necessary interpretation of your silence—the interpretation that these "sordid blackguards" are working for the good of their fellow-men on less pay than you who attack them with this vulgar impertinence?

BUTTER.

NOT the irreproachable commodity which comes from Cork with an exquisite blend of patriotism and good husbandry; not the product of wholesome industry in Brittany; not Mr. Perkyn Middlewick's "inferior Dosset," "a two-ounce pat;" not "the plentiful platters of beautifully formed butter" which dazzled the eyes of Lothair in the ancestral dairy of the Lady Corisande. We mean the butter which Lord Melbourne said could not be laid on "too thick," and of which Earl Granville remarked last Monday, in the Princes Hall, that he had received "some of the finest quality," with no suggestion of margarine. If you have a turn for philosophical allegory, you may say that butter in this sense is produced by churning the milk of human kindness, and that margarine is the miserable subterfuge of a false civilisation. But what intelligence is subtle enough to distinguish between the two? The art of adroit flattery is lost, with the arts of conversation and letter-writing. The consummate courtier wanders in the shades with Madame de Sevigné and Horace Walpole. The praise which gently tickled the organ of self-esteem is now a bath of butter which drowns the senses. Butter is no longer made in dairies, but turned out in factories, and margarine spreads itself over your morning newspaper with a thickness which would satisfy an appetite even more robust than Lord Melbourne's. Corporations betake themselves to butter-making with the energy of municipal Socialism. The first popular idol that comes along sets all the churns in motion, public and private. There is a feverish competition, which naturally makes margarine more common than the genuine article. All sense of proportion is abandoned. Mayors in gold chains vie with one another to produce the most fulsome addresses. After-dinner speeches are a stream of oil. Testimonials sometimes are Eiffel Towers and Cleopatra's Needles in butter, fortunately less permanent than their models. The lion of the hour who comes from Africa or the North Pole has a protracted banquet of margarine, which must sicken him now and then when he reflects how many of his hosts could not pass the simplest examination in his achievements. All the machinery of society is employed to produce the oleaginous mixture, merely because the rivalries and jealousies and the infinity of petty interests are forced into the manufacture by the conditions of their being.

Is there much capacity nowadays for taking the exact measure of a man? Let our political partisans answer. Let the men who dignify a "perpetual undergraduate" with the name of statesman show any sense of the prodigious distance which separates him from the greatest political genius of our century. Let the glib talkers in the smoking-room carry their minds back only twenty years, and face the exploits of a Minister who created an epoch. Mediocrity asserts itself to-day with such a brazen tongue that anything like historical discernment is rare. The incense of butter-worship rises from such a multitude of shrines that the true quality of veneration is scarcely to be found. Our Nebuchadnezzars set up images which are worshipped amidst the clash of brass bands and the clamour of the Primrose League. A smart debating speech is hailed as the heaven-sent exposition of everlasting principles. In literature or in politics true criticism is overwhelmed by margarine. If the literary artist who has achieved any reputation is not necessarily beslavered with praise, he frequently imagines himself the victim of a nefarious conspiracy. Instead of giving such talents as he has to the making of books or plays, he rushes into print to convict his critics of libellous animosity. His retinue of butter-makers is engaged in an incessant feud with the purveyors to other semi-illustrious persons. Actors, of course, are most prodigiously buttered from the moment they grasp their first banner or announce that the carriage waits. Paragraphs in margarine chronicle their juvenile successes before the public has heard their names. If they are handsome and agreeable, society ladies swoon over the curl of their eye-lashes or the parting of their hair.

Slabs of butter reach them by every post. Their monuments in photographic margarine adorn every boudoir. To hint any doubt of their perfection is to be laid under a social ban, and if you do not wish to live in the wilderness on a compulsory diet of locusts and wild honey, into the butter business you must go. Women are the most industrious makers of margarine; and considering the enormous quantity they put upon the market the price is surprisingly good. As they say in the commercial intelligence, margarine is always "firm"; the supply is immense but the demand is insatiable, and the trade is never likely to be depressed by Royal Commissions of inquiry into adulteration. There was a time when an overloaded compliment was nauseous to a well-bred woman. Some delicacy and finesse were expected from the professor of admiration. But in these days of margarine, flattery is served out by the pound; and if a woman smiles upon you it is your duty to respond like an automatic machine which has just received "a penny in the slot."

It is the haste of our age which is largely responsible for this fatal lack of discrimination. Everybody is in such a hurry that there is small inclination to distinguish good work from bad, and the competitors have every interest in maintaining a general league and covenant to pave the highway with butter. He who pauses to examine critically what his fellows are doing is an enemy to the common welfare. He cries in vain, "I see one true talent amongst you. Let us foster it by wholesome discipline, and not ruin it by wholesale flattery." This is denounced as jealous carping, and the crowd hasten to spoil the talent which has been sought out, by persuading its owner that criticism has nothing to teach him. He swallows the margarine as greedily as the rest, and mistakes for praise the applause which is awarded equally to merits and defects. Nay, perhaps even the critic who raised his voice in futile protest gives up the struggle for good literature, and turns butterman without a question. The next generation may rectify our standards of taste. It will have its own butter market, and will look back upon ours with fitting scorn. But will there ever come a time when this too popular article of social commerce will reign only in its proper sphere? "Claret is the drink for boys," said Johnson once, "champagne for women, brandy for heroes." The dictum was not strictly accurate; but had the sage added that butter, as an exclusive diet, was fit only for lovers, he would have rendered one more service to mankind.

THE NEW GALLERY.

CRITICISM beats with fiercest light upon the New Gallery.

This is inevitable. The Grosvenor was founded because a considerable and important body of innovating artists fancied that they received something less than justice at the Academy, and accepted Sir Coutts Lindsay's hospitality with gratitude. No such cause gave birth to the New. It was a private speculation. Its only reason for existing is, and was, that it should create and continue a higher average of merit than the older institutions. By its excellence only can it be justified, otherwise Regent Street merely weakens Piccadilly and Bond Street. Last year and the year before, the New was justified of itself; and was especially interesting because it, in some sense, opened a window on the future of British art. But the accomplishment of this success set up a standard hard to maintain, and the universally expressed disappointment at this year's display is a tribute to former achievements, and the penalty of a brilliant, though brief, record.

The place of honour in the big room is occupied by a very large canvas by Mr. Richmond, A.R.A., ambitiously dealing with a beautiful passage from Shelley's "Epipsychidion." Emily, the Vision veiled from the dreamer "so many years," beautiful as Aphrodite, clothed in flowing robes of semi-diaphanous rose and yellow, floats towards the cave, demure lions with pacific tread her heralds, and the "grey earth," "the branches bare and dead," bursting into a manifold opulence of flowers and unusual life at her approach, whilst the feathered race provide her guard of

honour. It is beautiful in its way—full of a cloying richness and softness, vividly reminiscent of much of Sir Frederick Leighton's work. A strange neglect of values is apparent. The carefully finished magic crocuses in the foreground are far less frail than the lady herself. On the whole we prefer Mr. Richmond's excellent example of his style at his best, the portrait of the Duchess of Manchester. Facing this large picture is Mr. Watts, R.A.'s "Ariadne." The weight of years tells upon this imaginative painter. Ariadne has collapsed in abject, not to say shapeless, misery at the desertion of Theseus; but the "rocky" mannerisms of *technique* are exaggeratedly present; as they are in a less degree in Mr. Watts' other contribution, "Red Riding Hood." Mr. Herkomer, A.R.A., sends four portraits of worthy and wealthy old gentlemen, painted as we expect to find pictures painted by a fashionable and brilliant artist overburdened with auriferous commissions. If the Great Western Railway subscribers to Mr. Grierson's portrait are satisfied with the work bestowed on their command, why should we grumble? One of the forty arm-chairs in Burlington House is vacant, and Professor Herkomer has done much to prove this year that he is essentially that thing after the Academician's own heart—a safe man. Mr. J. J. Shannon is another fashionable limner. None can set the *cachet* of distinction on a lady's portrait with greater elegance than he. But we think the desire to speedily oblige the *queue* of fair subjects waiting their turn has introduced some not perhaps ungallant haste even into his dexterously clever full-length portrait of Sir Alfred Lyall. On Miss Cooper's face in the South Room he has bestowed daintier care. Close to Sir Alfred Lyall hangs Mr. Ward's full-length portrait of Mrs. Strod Jackson, painted *à la* Shannon—a lady in dirty salmon-tinted satin, vulgarly and defectively drawn, the flesh-tints unclean and untrue—a notable example of second-hand cleverness. Mr. C. E. Hallé is to be congratulated not only on his prettily-conceived little girl pondering on big tomes, called "In Fairyland," but on the excellent likeness of Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., in dreamy rather than browbeating mood. Mr. Sargent's study for a portrait of Mrs. Comyns Carr cannot be denied either audacity or dexterity. The courage of the painter, the absence of vanity in the lady, and the good-nature of the husband have been much lauded. Finally we come to the Hon. John Collier's Mr. John Burns, one of the most successful portraits of the year. The artist and sitter must have been in keenest sympathy; the painter has seized the sailor-like, energetic attitude—hands in side pockets—of the swarthy, thick-browed, earnest, Great Tribune of the strikes and streets. It is an honest and veracious impression. Mr. W. Graham Robertson's "James Cagney, Esq., M.D.," is an instructive epitome of defects.

Mr. Alma-Tadema is at his best at the New. "Eloquent Silence"—Roman lover, Roman lass, marble, an inch of the sapphire Mediterranean, and a purple clematis, all in the sunshine, is pretty much what we have always learned to look for from the painter who so exquisitely applies the *technique* of his artistic forbears, the old Dutch painters of interiors, to classic subjects as they appear, by the light of the British Museum and diligent archæological research, to a master of dainty finish and a lover of delicious fashionable colours. His portrait of Miss MacWhirter is a little gem; but it is in "In the Rose Garden," with its warmer colour and rather less exhaustive treatment, that we see Mr. Alma-Tadema attaining to the utmost perfection within his own limitations. Beneath hangs "High Noon," by Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., a delightful little study from the nude—a girl with a palm-leaf sitting on a rock by a translucent pool. It is obviously a simpler and infinitely more successful rendering of his "On the Temple Steps" in the Academy. Mr. Nettleship's "The Adversary" covers a large portion of the wall. Two tigers crushing through the brushwood in processional march are suddenly confronted by a boa-constrictor, whose iridescent scales gleam all the colours. It is a garish thing, lacking force and dignity, but with just enough of the old vigour about it to make us respect the strength of a day that is dead.

In the North Gallery Mr. Kennedy claims attention with his "Perseus," huge and ambitious, but blatantly modern in treatment, lacking the spirit of the classic legend. An elegant young gentleman in pretty armour, whose limbs are unaccustomed to be exposed to view, permits a nude model, whose body passes through several planes of the picture, to toy with him; whilst a patient, forceless monster churns up the yeasty green sea, humbly but vainly striving to attract attention. Poor Andromeda! who shall deliver her from the unimaginative artist? Much more classical in the best sense are two delicious and luminous little pictures by Mr. Bretton, "Arachne" and "Thisbe," exquisitely drawn, and full of sculptural grace. Mrs. Alma-Tadema has two pretty little canvases, "Self-invited," an old-fashioned child at an open door, and "Battle-dore and Shuttlecock," a dainty exercise in blue and white. In both these pictures we note a very pleasant trace of Japanese influence. Mr. Albert Moore's head, "A Young Girl," is a thing of delicate beauty. Mr. Waterlow's "The Toilet"—little Venetian figures in an open white quadrangle with blue sky reflections on the foliage—is distinctly clever. Mr. Val Prinsep's "Study in Red" is a young lady firmly drawn and painted, and beautifully clad. Mr. Van Haanan's "La Sagra"—Venetians singing and drinking at a popular *fête*—is full of merry colours and the gaiety of life, an infinite relief in these days of the cult of the dismal. Few pleasanter pictures will be seen this year than Mr. R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A.'s, "Mother and Child"—obviously his own wife and boy—a most gracious sketch of a lady, "her hair such a wonder of flax and floss," bending backwards with a charming curve to bear the bonnie burden of her merry little lad. We must not omit to send the visitor up-stairs into the balcony, where he will rejoice, if he be a true student of art, in numerous studies by Mr. Burne-Jones, A.R.A., for his great pictures.

We have said nothing about landscapes, for they are but an insignificant feature of the exhibition. Sir Everett Millais' "Dew-drenched Gorse" is poetic. He depicts an opening in a copse, the undergrowth of gorse overspun with fine gossamer spiders' webs, which hold the gleaming morning dew in fairy cats'-cradles, whilst in the distance the sun "flatters," to use Shakespeare's apt phrase, the mist-shrouded trees with rose and gold. In the foreground is a cock pheasant—the handiwork of what taxidermist we are not informed. Mr. Sargent allows his cleverness to usurp the place of all pleasing qualities in "Ightham Moat," a composition of straight lines, shadowless crude green turf, and indistinct little figures immersed in blue-black mist. Mr. J. W. North is twice not himself at his best. Mr. David Murray's "When Daisies Pied" is silverily Corotique. Mr. Alfred East painted his decorative panel, "A Perthshire Pastoral," long ago—he had better have left it hanging in his study, though its exhibition demonstrates his recent marvellous advance. "Birches and Larches," glowing with colour, by Mr. Edward Clifford, is a proof of what decorative value may be given to foliage. Mr. Padgett's "The Red Moon rose o'er the Sussex Down," shows an impressionist landscape at its best. Facing it is "Maiden Moor," from the same brush, which is not even the beginning of a picture. Mr. Thorne Waite, Mr. Alfred Parsons, and Mr. Mark Fisher are well though slightly represented. Mr. Wimperis sends a strong and breezy oil, Mr. Orrock a broad and healthy water-colour. Mr. Napier Hemy is not at his best. Mr. Henry Moore, A.R.A.'s, one seascape is characteristically delightful; whilst Mr. Ernest Parton charms his admirers by indulging in a broader touch and warmer colour than usual.

A HAPPY VOYAGE.

THIS small adventure contains nothing to startle: and yet I hardly expect you to believe a word of it. For in writing it down just as it befell, I find the story so odd and fanciful that I seem to be inventing all the while, in spite of the knowledge that, by ringing the bell, I could summon a witness to confirm every word.

The cottage that I have inhabited these six years, looks down

on the one quiet creek in a harbour full of business. The vessels that enter beneath Battery Point move up past the grey walls and green quay-doors of the port to the jetties where their cargoes lie. All day long I can see them faring up and down past the mouth of my creek; and all the year round I listen to the sounds of them—the dropping or lifting of anchors, the *wh-h-ing!* of a siren-whistle cutting the air like a twanged bow, the concertina that plays at night, the rush of the clay cargo shot from the jetty into the lading ship. But all this is too far remote to vex me. Only one vessel lies beneath my terrace; and she has lain there for a dozen years. After many voyages she was purchased by the Board of Guardians in our district, dismasted, and anchored up here to serve as a hospital-ship in case the cholera visited us. She has never had a sick man on board from that day to the present. But once upon a time three people spent a very happy night on her deck, as you shall hear. She is called *The Gleaner*.

I think I was never so much annoyed in my life as on the day when Annie, my only servant, gave me a month's "warning." That was four years ago; and she gave up cooking for me to marry a young watchmaker down at the town—a youth of no mark save for a curious distortion of the left eyebrow (due to much gazing through a circular glass into the bowels of watches), a frantic assortment of religious convictions, a habit of playing the fiddle in hours of ease, and an absurd name—Tubal Cain Bonaday. I noticed that Annie softened it to "Tubey."

Of course I tried to dissuade her, but my arguments were those of a wifeless man, and very weak. She listened to them with much patience, and went off to buy her wedding-frock. She was a plain girl, without a scintilla of humour; and had just that sense of an omelet that is vouchsafed to one woman in a generation.

So she and Tubal Cain were married at the end of the month, and disappeared on their honeymoon, no one quite knew whither. They went on the last day of April.

At half-past eight in the evening of May 6th I had just finished my seventh miserable dinner. My windows were open to the evening, and the scent of the gorse-bushes below the terrace hung heavily underneath the verandah and stole into the room where I sat before the white cloth, in the lamp-light. I had taken a cigarette and was reaching for the match-box when I chanced to look up, and paused to marvel at a singular beauty in the atmosphere outside.

It seemed a final atonement of sky and earth in one sheet of vivid blue. Of form I could see nothing; the heavens, the waters of the creek below, the woods on the opposite shore were simply indistinguishable—blotted out in this one colour. If you can recall certain advertisements of Mr. Reckitt, and can imagine a soft light glowing underneath and behind the background of one of these, you will be as near as I can help you to guessing the exact colour. And, but for a solitary star and the red lamp of a vessel beyond the creek's mouth, this blue covered the whole firmament and face of the earth.

I lit my cigarette and stepped out upon the verandah. In a minute or so something made me return, fetch a cap from the hall, and descend the terrace softly.

My feet trod on bluebells and red-robins, and now and then crushed the fragrance out of a low-lying spike of gorse. I knew the flowers were there, though in this curious light I could only see them by peering closely. At the foot of the terrace I pulled up and leant over the oak fence that guarded the abrupt drop into the creek.

There was a light just underneath. It came from the deck of the hospital-ship, and showed me two figures standing there—a woman leaning against the bulwarks, and a man beside her. The man had a fiddle under his chin, and was playing "Annie Laurie," rather slowly and with a deal of sweetness.

When the melody ceased, I craned still further over the oak fence and called down, "Tubal Cain!"

The pair gave a start, and there was some whispering before the answer came up to me.

"Is that you, Mr. Q?"

"To be sure," said I. "What are you two about on board *The Gleaner*?"

Some more whispering followed, and then Tubal Cain spoke again—

"It doesn't matter now, sir. We've lived aboard here for a week, and to-night's the end of our honeymooning. If 'tis no liberty, sir, Annie's wishful that you should join us."

Somehow, the invitation, coming through this mysterious atmosphere, seemed at once natural and happy. The fiddle began again as I stepped away from the fence and went down to get my boat out. In three minutes I was afloat, and a stroke or two brought me to the ship's ladder. Annie and Tubal Cain stood at the top to welcome me.

But if I had felt no incongruity in paying this respectful visit to my ex-cook and her lover, I own that her appearance made me stare. For, if you please, she was dressed out like a lady, in a gown of pale blue satin trimmed with swansdown—a low-necked gown, too, though she had flung a white shawl over her shoulders. Imagine this and the flood of blue light around us, and you will hardly wonder that, half-way up the ladder, I paused to take breath. Tubal Cain was dressed as usual, and tucking his fiddle under his arm, led me up to shake hands with his bride as if she were a queen. I cannot say if she blushed. Certainly she received me with dignity: and then, inverting a bucket that lay on the deck, seated herself; while Tubal Cain and I sat down on the deck facing her, with our backs against the bulwarks.

"It's just this, sir," explained the bridegroom, laying his fiddle across his lap, and speaking as if in answer to a question: "it's just this:—by trade you know me for a watch-maker, and for a Plymouth Brother by conviction. All the week I'm bending over a counter, and every Sabbath-day I speak in prayer-meeting what I hold, that life's a dull pilgrimage to a better world. If you ask me, sir, to-night, I ought to say the same. But a man may break out for once, and when so well as on his honeymoon? For a week I've been a free heathen: for a week I've been hiding here, living with the woman I love in the open air; and night after night for a week Annie here has clothed herself like a woman of fashion. Oh, my God! it has been a beautiful time—a happy beautiful time that ends to-night."

He set down the fiddle, crooked up a knee and clasped his hands round it, looking at Annie.

"Annie, girl, what is it that we believe till to-morrow morning? You believe—eh?—that 'tis a rare world, full of delights, and with no ugliness in it?"

Annie nodded.

"And you love every soul—the painted woman in the streets no less than your own mother?"

Annie nodded again. "I'd nurse 'em both if they were sick," she said.

"One like the other?"

"No difference."

"And there's nothing shames you?" Here he rose and took her hand. "You wouldn't blush to kiss me before master here?"

"Why should I?" She gave him a sober kiss, and let her hand rest in his.

I looked at her. She was just as quiet as in the old days when she used to lay my table. It was like gazing at a play.

I should be ashamed to repeat the nonsense that Tubal Cain thereupon began to talk; for it was mere midsummer madness. But I smoked four pipes contentedly while the sound of his voice continued, and am convinced that he never performed so well at prayer-meeting. Down at the town I heard the church-clock striking midnight, and then one o'clock; and was only aroused when the youth started up and grasped his fiddle.

"And now, sir, if you would consent to one thing, 'twould make us very happy. You can't play the violin, worse luck; but you might take a step or two round the deck with Annie, if I strike up a waltz-tune for you to move to."

It was ridiculous, but as he began to play I moved up to

Annie, put my arm around her, and we began to glide round and round on the deck. Her face was turned away from mine, and looked over my shoulder; if our eyes had met, I am convinced I must have laughed or wept. It was half farce, half deadly earnest, and for me as near to hysterics as a sane man can go. As for Tubal Cain, that inspired young Plymouth Brother was solemn as a judge. As for Annie, I would give a considerable amount, at this moment, to know what she thought of it. But she stepped very lightly and easily, and I am not sure I ever enjoyed a waltz so much. The blue light—that bewitching, intoxicating blue light—paled on us as we danced. The grey conquered it, and I felt that when we looked at each other the whole absurdity would strike us, and I should never be able to face these lovers again without a furious blush. As the day crept on, I stole a glance at Tubal Cain. He was scraping away desperately—with his eyes shut. For us the dance had become weariness, but we went on and on. We were afraid to halt.

Suddenly a string of the violin snapped. We stopped, and I saw Tubal Cain's hand pointing eastward. A golden ripple came dancing down the creek, and, at the head of the combe beyond, the sun's edge was mounting.

"Morning!" said the bridegroom.

"It's all done," said Annie, holding out a hand to me, without looking up. "And thank you, sir."

"We danced through the grey," I answered; and that was all I could find to say, as I stepped towards the ladder.

Half an hour later as I looked out of window before getting into bed I saw in the sunlight a boat moving down the creek towards the town. Tubal Cain was rowing, and Annie sat in the stern. She had changed her dress.

They have been just an ordinary couple ever since, and attend their chapel regularly. Sometimes Annie comes over to make me an omelet: and as a matter of fact she is now in the kitchen. But not a word has ever been spoken between us about her honeymoon.

Q.

INSIDE PARLIAMENT.

THE contest over the proposal of the Government in regard to licensing and compensation began on Monday, and it has of course been the great Parliamentary event of the week. Mr. Ritchie, who for the first time gave an official explanation of the Ministerial bill, spoke, as he generally does, with moderation, though with a certain degree of rugged diffuseness. His object, however, was to minimise the scope of the Government scheme, and to invest it with the character of a temperance reform. He vouched in the most solemn manner for the good intentions of the Government, and urged that their plan, though modest in its range, was a real attempt to grapple with the drink question. He admitted that the Government were surprised by the storm it had raised; but he defiantly announced that the Government would resist all onslaughts on their scheme, and that he was confident that they would carry it. Mr. Caine, who moved an amendment aimed at the compensation proposals of the Bill, made a vigorous speech against that part of the measure. On licensing and temperance questions Mr. Caine is both a full and a ready man, and he stated his objections to the Bill with a skill which lost none of its effect from the quiet humour which here and there marked his speech. He frankly avowed that, Unionist as he was, rather than see this scheme carried he would do his best to turn out the Government. The great point on which Mr. Caine rested his case was that the proposal of the Government would, for the first time, create a vested interest in a public-house licence. He also showed that the amount of money set aside for compensation was ludicrously inadequate, and that the reduction in the number of public-houses which would be effected would be extremely small. Mr. T. W. Russell, who, though a Unionist, still calls himself a temperance reformer,

appeared as a supporter of the Bill. The conversions of the hon. member have always the merit of remarkable completeness. His Unionism has become Toryism, and his temperance now takes the form of advocating the equitable interests of the publican. Sir G. Trevelyan declared absolutely in favour of the right of the magistrates to withdraw licences, and predicted that if the Bill passed it would plant the burden of the liquor interest more thoroughly on the country than ever. The Solicitor-General, who, of all the members of the Government, is the most ardent friend of "the trade," endeavoured to meet some of the arguments used against the Bill. He, like Mr. Ritchie, took the line of be-littling its scope and character. He urged, in effect, that it was a very small proposal, that it could do no harm and would do some good. Sir E. Clarke has a robust and slightly extravagant confidence in his own knowledge of the law. It is all very well to banter Sir W. Harcourt on his ignorance of the legal points, but the Solicitor-General is hardly entitled to explain away the decision of the Court of Appeal in a leading case on licensing law. This, however, was what he attempted. He reviewed, in fact, the decision of the Court of Appeal, and told the House that the opinion of Sir E. Clarke embodied better law than that of the appellate judges.

The debate on Tuesday was somewhat lifeless, but it afforded an opportunity to several members who have a right to speak on the question to give expression to their views. Sir W. Houldsworth, a Tory temperance reformer, made it clear that his Toryism is writ large and his temperance writ small. On this occasion he deserted the temperance party and gave his support to a measure for legally endowing the publicans. He spoke not only for himself, but for the so-called friends of temperance who sit on the Tory side of the House. Scotland gave forth a divided voice in the persons of Mr. Esslemont and Mr. Somervell; but the former declared with confidence that he spoke for the people of Scotland. A debate which had been extremely barren of freshness was brought to a close by an interesting speech from Mr. Bryce. He threw on the question the light of American experience and practice. The constitutions of the different States are extremely conservative of vested interests. They give by positive law what in England is the result of custom, but in no American State had any compensation been given for the withdrawal of licence. The American practice, so clearly explained by Mr. Bryce, ought to have a decisive influence on English policy on this question.

The Parliamentary history of the week has not been a brilliant one for the Government, and on Wednesday they sustained a defeat which, though not disastrous, was damaging and irritating. The Tories were away enjoying themselves, the Irish and Radicals were attending to their work, and the result was a Ministerial reverse. The first Bill on the paper was the Irish Labourers Bill, which is a rival competitor with Mr. Balfour's congested district scheme for the Church surplus. The Nationalist party were present in strength, and, noticing the condition of the Ministerial benches, they wisely made their speeches as short and as few as possible. The Irish members are so well drilled and trained in Parliamentary tactics, that they can expand or contract as the circumstances require. The few members of the Government present were alarmed, and Mr. Plunkett, with warmth which almost degenerated into temper, denounced the attempt to snatch a division. Mr. T. W. Russell endeavoured to effect a diversion in the interest of the Government by moving the adjournment of the debate; but the motion was defeated by a majority of 26. The Nationalists were naturally elated with their victory, and Mr. Parnell moved the closure. The Speaker, however, decided to give a little more time for the debate, and Mr. Balfour seized the opportunity to say that in the circumstances the Government would regard the vote of the House as of no consequence. When the closure was again moved by Mr. Dillon, the Speaker allowed it to be put, but the Ministers, after an anxious survey of their scanty forces, decided not to go to a division. The Bill was then read a second time, and the

Nationalists cheered with great spirit, and for some time, over this considerable but it is to be feared barren and temporary victory. The Jury Laws (Ireland) Bill, the object of which is to deprive the Crown of the right of challenge in criminal cases, was the next Bill. It was of course opposed by the Government, and, to prevent another defeat, Mr. Darling was put up to talk against time. This duty he performed in a manner as offensive as possible to the Nationalists, and when Mr. Akers-Douglas had collected his scattered battalions the Bill was thrown out by a majority of 52. Mr. Munro-Ferguson's Bill for enabling local authorities in Scotland compulsorily to acquire land for building purposes came on too late for adequate discussion; but the motion for the adjournment of the debate—the division on which was practically treated as a division on the main question—was only carried by a majority of 42.

The concluding night of the debate on the second reading of the Excise Duties Bill gave evidence of the growing weight of argument and authority against the Government proposals. Sir W. Lawson attacked them in a speech as full of keen wit as it was of close argument. The leader of the Temperance Party has the ear of the House, because, however the Tories may dislike his views, they enjoy his humour and his raciness. But if he was amusing he was also intensely earnest in denouncing "the odious and repulsive" proposal of the Government. Mr. Matthews never attempted to grapple with the arguments of Sir W. Lawson, and only thought it necessary to offer a vindication of the character of the publican.

Mr. Gladstone's powerful and astute attack on the main feature of the Government scheme will greatly strengthen the hostility which it has aroused in the country. If the Government objected to the word "compensation" he offered them in exchange "the endowment of the publicans"; but the Chancellor of the Exchequer seemed more disgusted with the phrase than the other. The leader of the Opposition showed conclusively that the holder of a licence had no vested interest, and though that did not absolutely debar the idea of compensation, he held that it ought to be strictly limited to the person in whose name the licence was held.

Sir W. Harcourt's attack on the Solicitor-General's law was crushing and overwhelming; and if Sir E. Clarke has any sense of modesty left he will hesitate before he again pitches his legal knowledge against that of the member for Derby. Mr. Smith offered a feeble and hesitating defence of the Government proposal.

On a division, Mr. Caine's amendment was rejected by a majority of 339 to 266.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN ITALY.

ROME, May 10, 1890.

WE have had, as we Italians say, "a flash of lightning from a serene sky." Perhaps the telegraph has already announced it to you. The other day the Senators were debating the law concerning our public charitable institutions. It is a very radical law. The Committee of the Senate had amended it as much as possible, and Signor Crispi had, unexpectedly, accepted all the amendments excepting one. That one is the power given to the Government of transforming all ancient or recent charitable institutions which it does not think adequate to the necessity of the present times. There are some conditions to be observed in the exercise of this power. The Committee tried to render them more stringent; but, in my opinion, not sufficiently so. Be that as it may, no question arose on this point; but it did on another. In the law as it was presented by Signor Crispi, this power of transformation was extended to the bequests, legacies, and charities of a religious character, when they were not found to be responding to the needs of the local population. The Committee of the Senate struck out the paragraph giving this extension of power to the Government; but many Senators proposed that the paragraph should remain, and Signor Crispi addressed the Senate in favour of this. In the course of his speech he said that if the Senate would not agree with him and vote the paragraph, he would be obliged to dissolve the House of Commons and to appeal to the electors. He said this in order to impress the Senate and to get a favourable vote. In this he failed, for in the Senate House there were present 169 voters—93 voted against the paragraph, and 76

for it. So Signor Crispi was taken at his word, and was obliged to request the Senate to suspend the discussion of the law and to ask the orders of the King—in other words, to ask the dissolution of the House of Commons in order to see what was the opinion of the country.

You see that all that was not necessary. The law, which has been much amended by the Senate, must return to the House of Commons, and in this Signor Crispi could sustain his paragraph and get it voted. The Senate would have accepted the second time what it had rejected the first. We—and you—have had many examples of that. It is against the political bias of Signor Crispi to give to a vote of the Senate such a great weight and value as he has given in the present case. But I think there is some other reason for his conduct. His position is not now as strong and easy as it was. Many oppositions have gathered against him—the Radical opposition, a moderate opposition, a financial opposition, an anticolonial opposition, and so on. They had not agreed what they respectively wish; but they are agreed in what they do not wish; and, if they are not agreed in not wishing Signor Crispi himself, they are agreed in not accepting two or three principal features of his policy. His greatest difficulty is the financial deficit of which I have spoken to you already. He has been forced to change again his financial policy. I wrote to you last that the present Minister of the Finance and Treasury had decided to let the deficit alone, in the hope that by-and-by the augmentation of the receipts in the next few years would remove the deficit. But now the pressure of the members has obliged the Ministers to seek to economise in the State Budget. But there are only three Ministers who can economise—namely, the Ministers of the Army, Navy, and Public Works. The last-named says he cannot economise in any way, and that he prefers to resign. The other two have found, they say, 15,000,000 francs (£600,000). We want 50,000,000 francs. I do not see how we are going to get out of this scrape, especially as the economical condition of the country is very bad, and there is no prospect of its bettering itself as yet.

The political crisis has blown over for the present. His Majesty the King, whose orders Signor Crispi said he would be obliged to ask, has very sensibly answered that the debate on the law of public institutions of beneficence must be continued to the end; and only should the House of Commons reinstate the paragraph struck out by the Senate, and the Senate persist in disagreeing with its resolution, will it be necessary to consider what to do. So the debate proceeded on the 6th inst., and came to an end. The law, as amended by the Senate, passed with 106 ayes against 54 noes. But Signor Crispi made a very astonishing declaration before the vote. He had accepted, throughout the debate, all the amendments proposed by the Committee of the Senate and voted by the Senate, except the one already alluded to; notwithstanding that, he declared he would not defend these amendments in the House of Commons, but he would fight them, and return to his own and the House's first project. With such a device it will be impossible to avoid a conflict between the two Houses, and there are only two ways to get out of it: a *fournée* of Senators or the dissolution of the House of Commons on the platform of the law of beneficent institutions: two bad ways—for this platform is in many respects dangerous, and the *fournée* is discrediting to the Senate and to the political constitution of the realm.

I did not write to you about our 1st of May. Now that it is over, and many days after have gone, I can say that the fear has been much greater than the reality. But the fear has been very great amongst the middle classes, and the Government has been their true representative, sending as many soldiers as it could to every place where there was any danger or suspicion of danger. It would be too much to say that no disturbances had happened anywhere. We have had some in Rome, Naples, Milan, Turin, Bologna, Leghorn, and in Leghorn they continue still. But the police and the military have very quickly suppressed them. Nowhere have the gatherings of the workmen been very numerous

or threatening, and they have been very quickly dispersed at the third blast of the trumpet, or in rare cases at the first charge of the infantry or cavalry. Now all is quiet, and the aristocracy, the middle classes, and the people generally, are all occupied with the horse-races and shooting-matches.

Signor Crispi has presented another Blue Book on our African quibbles. I will write about it later on.

BONGHI.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE LAND PURCHASE BILL.

SIR,—I have all my life been a strong advocate for peasant proprietorship, and I have always admitted that we owe the Irish much reparation for past injustice. Perhaps, then, I may be permitted to explain why I not only object to this Bill, but am opposed to it on broad principles. To begin with, I object to the Bill as unnecessary, because the Irish have already got peasant proprietorship. Property in land, in my sense, means an absolute right to its possession and a right to all improvements made on it, with only just so much of the unearned value as may make the tenure secure, and give the holder all the incentive to good cultivation and improvement that flows from a sense of property. I think it wholly unnecessary that there should be an *exclusive* property in the unearned value of the land, and believe the cuckoo cry against "dual ownership" to be a mere clap-trap fallacy. Contrariwise, I think it not only unnecessary that a limited class of people should monopolise that which God has given, but a positive economical disadvantage; because in that case the cultivating ownership of land involves a much greater capital than a limited ownership such as I desire. I am not a land-nationaliser, because that is too expensive, but I think it an enormous public advantage that there should be the kind of land nationalisation to which I have been accustomed all my life in India—where the proprietor has all that limited right to which I have alluded, and the State takes the unearned rent less the margin allowed to the landholder for security. Where the State has assigned its right to a feudal proprietor he holds as the assignee of the State. I think then there is no reason why the British tax-payer should buy out the over-landlords for the benefit of the present tenants, and I vote against the Bill on that ground.

At the same time, I feel that in the present political condition of Ireland the liability to a periodical revision of the unearned rent is attended with some evils, and that the judicial rents may not sufficiently leave a margin for risks and variations of seasons. Economically, I do not like a "permanent settlement," but for the sake of the immediate peace of Ireland I would be glad to have one. In that view I rather favour Mr. Parnell's idea of buying something off the rent and fixing it. I do not think he explained a workable plan, but still I believe the proposal good, that instead of incurring enormous liabilities to buy up all the land of Ireland, we should find a smaller sum to compensate the landlords for a reduction and fixation of the rents of the small tenants only. I do not quite see how the landlords can be expected absolutely to surrender an income in consideration of a loan only, if we so limit the offer. I believe that part of it must be a gift. But I have always said that I would rather give a small sum than lend ten enormously greater sums with extreme uncertainty of ever getting them back again.

GEORGE CAMPBELL.

SIR,—Mr. Haldane's defence of his vote on the Land Bill is lucid and logical, but omitting as it does all reference to some of the weightiest objections which have been urged against that ill-omened measure, it can scarcely be deemed adequate.

Take for example the provision for reducing rents below the valuation of the Land Courts at the expense of the Imperial credit. Now either the present rents are in excess of the real value of the holdings, or they are not. If they are, the landlords,

in accordance with reason and established precedent, ought to bear the necessary reduction; if they are not, the tenants have no just claim to it; either way the Imperial credit is being used to confer an undeserved benefit. Can Mr. Haldane defend this?

Again, there is the singular enactment by which the tenant, or rather his heirs, having paid for half a century this reduced rent—which surely may be assumed to be no more than the annual value—is then to receive as a free gift the fee-simple of his holding, the State thus sacrificing to a privileged class what might and should become an invaluable source of permanent revenue. Is this free handling of the claims of posterity deserving the support of Liberal statesmanship?

A great deal has been further objected with regard to the provisions relating to congested districts (where the land is economically almost worthless), the impossibility of ensuring freedom of contract under the Coercion Act, and consequent danger of failure or repudiation, the certainty that the landlords will in most cases receive payment for value which is wholly the creation of the tenants. What has Mr. Haldane to urge on all these points?

Nor can it be fairly contended that the choice rests between Mr. Balfour's Land Purchase and none. There is no section of the Liberal party but honestly desires to see the Irish Land Question settled upon a really just and permanent basis. The question which divides us is merely as to whether that settlement shall be undertaken by the Imperial Legislature and made to accompany the grant of Home Rule, or whether it shall be left, with other Irish questions, to be settled by the freely chosen representatives of the Irish people in Parliament assembled. Is it possible that so sound a Liberal as Mr. Haldane, for fear of being overruled on this secondary issue, is prepared to accept such a measure as the one now under discussion?—a "settlement" one of whose chief merits is, as he himself urges, that it is not likely to be applied to more than a small fraction of the existing holdings? What will Mr. Balfour's Bill do to advance the cause of justice and order on that vast Galway estate where Lord Clanricarde rules and devastates? Is it not plain that these proposals are in truth no settlement at all, but a mere bribe offered to the more prosperous section of Irish farmers in the hope of detaching them from the popular cause and swelling the numbers of the privileged classes?

Is it too much to hope that Mr. Haldane will give some weight to such considerations as these before again voting in support of this most unsound and pernicious Bill?—I am, etc.,
May 13th, 1890. OSWALD EARP.

LICENSING AND COMPENSATION.

SIR,—In your excellent article of to-day you say that the English-speaking Colonies have not admitted the principle of compensation. Is this true of Victoria? I think not. Victoria, however, has a statutory number of public-houses—one to each 250 inhabitants up to the first thousand, and then one to each subsequent 500.

I regret to see that the Church Temperance Society seems likely to be content with a vague clause that nothing in this Bill is to prejudice the present power of justices to withhold licences. Is there a J.P. in England who would not feel it more difficult than ever, after this Bill becomes an Act, to vote for the refusal to renew a licence?

Mr. Goschen assures us that the justices, *acting judicially*, will retain the same discretion as before. But it has been laid down that they have full and absolute discretion. How can they exercise that discretion in as unfettered a way as before, when, after the passing of this Bill, it will involve a money loss in addition to the loss of the licence by refusal?

As Sir T. Farrer says, the present plan is the worst plan yet seen.—I am, &c.,
H. LEE WARNER.
The Paddocks, Swaffham, May 10th, 1890.

SIR,—Will you allow me to point out that through some oversight, the very important point that the *Licensed Victuallers' Protection Society themselves proposed* the plan of compensation by a levy on the houses allowed to retain their licences, was dropped out of my last letter? That the Government should on two occasions within the last two years have ignored this most weighty fact, and have attempted to fasten the burden of compensation on the public at large, is discreditable in the extreme. Mr. Whitbread, as the organ of the trade, had actually given notice of his intention to move the introduction of a clause to that effect into the Licensing Bill which

Mr. Bruce was then proceeding with in Parliament, about sixteen years ago (Canon Ellison, vicar of Windsor, could give the exact date), when, for some unexplained reason, the Home Secretary most unhappily withdrew that portion of the Bill when just on the eve of success.

The value of this fact is very great, as on other grounds, so especially on this. Compensation to publicans is one thing, to brewers and owners of public-houses quite another. The first is a question of compensation in each case by payment of a hundred pounds or less; the second by payment of several thousands. Hence it is evident that the levy proposed by the Licensed Victuallers must have been intended to compensate only the licence-holders, not the owners of the property and good-will. The latter never appear to have dreamed of getting compensation at all, knowing better, apparently, than Mr. Goschen that there was not the slightest chance of their obtaining it.

The method of *transferring* licences from an old neighbourhood to a new one, instead of granting fresh licences, was also mentioned in the address referred to in my former letter as being highly effectual in preventing an increase of licensed houses, and as meeting with favour by the trade. But the main point I wish to urge is the difference between an arrangement for compensation made by members of the trade by mutual agreement, and the proposals of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Croydon, May 5th, 1890.

HENRY SOLLY.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT—ONCE MORE.

SIR,—Permit me to enter a protest against the needlessly strong language of your article of last week upon the rejection in the Congress at Washington of the Bill for the recognition in the United States of the rights of foreign authors. No one regrets the failure of that Bill more than I do. It is a calamity for American no less than for British authors. But to speak as your article speaks, treating those who voted against the Bill as thieves themselves, and out of the pale of civilised society, is to neglect several considerations which ought to be regarded. In the first place, we do not yet know under what circumstances the vote was taken, nor whether it is a final vote for this session. Secondly, it must be remembered that the Bill was in many respects a faulty measure, which seemed designed to protect American printers just as much as to relieve non-American authors. Some of those who voted against it may have been influenced by their dislike of its Protective provisions. Thirdly, the principles of international copyright, familiar to literary men and those who associate with them, are strange to many of the Western Congressmen, who have been demoralised by the tariff controversies, and who are at the mercy of the adroit lobbyists, who, as we hear, have been employed to work strenuously against the Bill. Clear and obvious as is the justice of making literary property independent, like other property, of political divisions, it is only recently that the nations of Europe have given such property due recognition; and we ourselves had not, till the Act of 1886, any legal protection in this country for a book copyrighted in one of our colonies.

There is no occasion either for such very hard words as you use, or for despair. It takes time to get true principles into the minds of legislatures.—Faithfully yours,
J. BRUCE.
May 14th.

[Whilst we regret that our esteemed correspondent cannot endorse our language on the question of the rejection of the Copyright Bill, we regret still more that we cannot modify a single word that we have used. Nobody even pretends to deny the accuracy of our statements, and though there may be times when it is impolitic to speak all the truth and "call a spade a spade," the present is certainly not one of them. It is only fair to the Americans themselves that they should know something of the disgust which the endorsement by their legislators of a policy of theft has produced in this country.—ED. SPEAKER.]

SIR,—A candid attention to the facts would greatly modify the censure of the British public for the recent defeat of the International Copyright Bill in the American House of Representatives. The Bill was a compromise, entered upon to secure the aid of the American Typographical Union, a mongrel scheme, cordially hated by even those who urged its passage. The vice-president of the American Copyright League, which fathered the Bill, openly denounced its injustice in language more emphatic than elegant. No one had a good word for it, save as a makeshift.

No reciprocating Order in Council could have been obtained for its absolute embargo on foreign books, or for its clauses for re-setting all type and re-engraving all illustrations.

I suppose that most, if not all, who voted against this Bill would be ready to assent to any Bill which would protect English authors without materially changing the system of cheap reprints. Let us look at the causes of this defeat, without using the now exhausted vocabulary of vituperative adjectives which in British wrath has been poured on the heads of the American legislators.

In Europe the best system of publishing, both for authors and for the public, is that of France, where new books are sold at low prices, with great editions, compensating writers probably better than any other country in the world. In Germany the prices are a little higher, but substantially the same system obtains of low prices and large editions. But in England the average price of new books is probably three to ten times that of French issues. It is true that after a few years have passed cheaper editions are published, but not till the interest of the book has declined. This is the system, denounced alike by the public and by authors in England, which the Americans dread to see imported into their country; and not without cause, if the publicly recorded statements* of the great English publishers are to be taken. They are asked, on the one hand, to give the protection of their courts to a monopoly system throughout an area of forty-five hundred by fifteen hundred miles, while on the other they are responsibly informed that through it the English system of high-priced books will through this Bill be transferred to America. If the authors would reap the substantial benefit of the increase of price, it could be borne; but the grievance is made intolerable by the proved fact that of every hundred pounds of increased price only ten pounds would reach the author. That is, in raising the price of a two-shilling book up to twelve shillings, but one shilling of the increase in price would reach the author, while nine shillings of it, less increase of manufacturing cost, say net seven shillings, would go to the vendors. The buyer would pay one shilling more to the author, and seven times this to the publisher and bookseller. Some pseudo-charitable institutions are worked on a similar basis of seven-eighths of the revenue being absorbed by the managers, but it is not especially satisfactory to the donors when the system is explained, and legal protection would not be sought for it.

The repeated statements of members of the largest publishing house in the world are my warrant for affirming that of a low-priced edition of a popular work fifteen times as many are sold as of an issue at a tenfold (or English) price; and it is evident that the author's usual royalty of ten per cent. would be one-half more on fifteen hundred copies at twopence royalty than on one hundred copies at three and fourpence. Before the third volume of Macaulay's "History of England" had reached a sale in England of 8,000 copies, 130,000 had been sold in the United States. Add to this royalty that a part of these great editions are issued in a better, higher-priced style, and there is a further addition to the royalty of authors.

A plan outlined in the London weeklies three years ago, and developed in the *Nineteenth Century* for November, 1887, provides for the competitive production of reprints, with resulting low prices, and it protects the author by a system of inserting stamp receipts for the usual ten per cent. royalty. This plan has been fully endorsed by Mr. Gladstone, Sir Thomas Farrer, Sir Louis Mallet, Sir H. Drummond, and others who have given special attention to the subject.

Unfortunately, this scheme of accounting to authors is unpopular with publishers, as is also the restriction of price through open competition, and the plan meets with strong opposition from this quarter. Yet until this plan of Sir Thomas Farrer and Sir Charles Trevelyan, with its joint security to authors for royalty, and to the public against English multiple prices, shall have been rejected by the American Congress, I venture to claim a candid appreciation of the situation from those who would judge justly.

The plan here outlined was brought before the Congress of 1887-8, but at the most urgent solicitation, private and public, of American publishers and others, it was withdrawn, lest it should prevent the passage of the Typographers' Union compromise scheme which was then patched up. It is hoped that a Bill in the true interests of authors, and freed from the evils of the English system, can now be passed by Congress. None other in principle is possible.

Many candid Englishmen take the American view of the matter. Sir Charles Trevelyan wrote in 1872 to Mr. Longman

* "We should [under monopoly international copyright] never think of selling books at a cheaper rate to America, or cheaper out of England, if it were possible for them to come back here."—MR. WILLIAM LONGMAN, before the Royal Commission.

(see Royal Commission on Copyright, pages 327—329) as below—sentiments the more generous as he is the owner of the Macaulay copyrights:—

I am persuaded that Mr. Appleton's Bill will not pass. The Americans will never submit to an absolute monopoly on the part of foreign authors and their assignees, so that they might fix the price of their books without fear of competition; *nor in my opinion is it right* [the italics are his] that it should be so either in the United States or Canada. Such an absolute monopoly is only possible under the protection of the municipal law of the countries in which the books were originally produced. As regards other countries, the owners of the copyright must be content with some more general acknowledgment, which, like the circle in the water, would increase in diffusion as it decreased in intensity. . . . The people of the United States will not invest any person with the power of indefinitely enhancing the price of the books upon which they and their children have been nourished. *There is now every disposition to admit the just claims of English authors, but not by means of a monopoly.*

The author's royalty might be fixed at ten per cent. on the retail price. At home he would continue to get whatever might be prescribed by the municipal law of his own country, but to whatever extent his works might be reprinted abroad it would be under licence from the respective Governments, and his percentage would be paid before a single copy was permitted to be sold.

He adds:—

I maintain that this principle of a monopoly, while it does great harm in England, is simply impossible in America; some other principle must be adopted.

I think that it [protected copyright with free trade competition] is the only principle which furnishes a practical basis for a convention with the United States. . . . It appears to me that that principle of monopoly is totally inapplicable to these new countries where the English language is spoken and read by multitudes.

I am, Sir, &c.,

44, Grosvenor Road, S.W.

R. PEARSALL SMITH.

SIR,—As a victim of the present law-protected system of piracy in the United States, I would tender you my heartfelt thanks for the outspoken condemnation of the recent vote of the House of Representatives contained in your last issue. I know that there are those among us who doubt the policy of plain-speaking on this question; but they are not men like myself, to whom this vote represents a direct loss of money which I can ill afford. The United States is great and rich—beyond the dreams of avarice. But it is not above the incredible meanness of stealing the work of the English author, and making use of it for the benefit of its favoured children.

Some day, no doubt, we may redress the balance of wrong. America may at last secure a literature of its own, and the English Parliament, exasperated by the refusal of the American Senate to act with common honesty, may give the people of this country the right to the free enjoyment of the works of American authors. But, even if one could approve of so mean a retaliation, it would afford little comfort to men like myself, who see the fruits of their industry filched from them by a grasping and unscrupulous community. I am glad to see that Mr. Morley, in his speech at the Literary Fund Dinner, drew attention to the recent vote of the House of Representatives, and I cannot but express my surprise that the Press generally should have had so little to say upon the subject. Is it because the connection between our daily newspapers and literature is so slight?—Yours faithfully,

AN AUTHOR.

"THE ART OF AUTHORSHIP."

SIR,—Permit me a passing reference to the clever article in your issue of May 10th upon "The Art of Authorship," which appears under the heading, "A Literary Causerie." In well-nigh every case the authors represented in that much-abused volume were asked whether they had any objection to their letters being printed in whole or part. Also in no single instance have I parted with the letters used in the compilation of the work. *Without exception* I retain the whole series that appear in its pages.—Truly yours,

Coventry, May 12th.

[It is clear that Mr. Bainton is not to blame for the incident referred to in last week's "Causerie." The author in question, not content with writing Mr. B. one letter, must needs write him two; and Mr. Bainton, who is a collector, felt himself, and was, justified in exchanging one of these surplus notes (with other documents) for other autographs. The person with whom he made the exchange—or it may be a subsequent transferee—only did what all wise collectors frequently do; that is, weeded out of his collection what he did not want, and sent the weeds to the shop.—ED. SPEAKER.]

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE.
Friday, May 16, 1890.

SOME American—I don't remember which—has declared that the great drama of the future is to come from America. The great drama has certainly not come; for the slavish adaptation of French models by English dramatists reaches a second and lower stage in the adaptation of our adaptations in America. And yet there is no country which could be more fairly expected to give materials for the great drama. The relations of man and woman are the central motive of most dramas and most romances, and where are these relations so complex, so varied, so picturesque as in America? With us in the old countries, the initiation of tragedy belongs almost exclusively to the one sex. The man goes out on his hunt for passion, romance, a home, seeking whom he may devour; the woman sits at her hearth with all the possibilities of tragedy in her heart and character, but unable to stir hand or foot in weaving her destiny until the man comes to guide her first faltering step. But in America, the extraordinary independence which society gives to woman, the spirit of self-reliance which is thus developed, makes woman's initiative almost as great as man's in affairs of passion; and thus we have the two sexes instead of the one, beginning those relations which end in the unrecorded tranquillity of a happy home, or in the grief, crime, death, which form the stock-in-trade of the dramatist and the novelist.

One gets some glimpses of this extraordinary advantage of America in the novel, if one does not find it in the drama. Howells and James have confined their pens—though not exclusively—to the small and generally squalid details of the super-civilised and petty life of Boston and its vicinity. But Boston is much less America than Paris is France or London England. In the vast continent over which America stretches, there is as much variety of circumstances, population, environment, character, as there is of climate. In America, too, you have society still in those primitive stages which bring adventures, hair-breadth escapes, tragic crises, desperate endeavour. America is pre-eminently the land of adventure.

These being the promises of America, what has she done? The best answer I would give to this question is to recommend to particular attention some authors that are as yet but little known—at least two of them—to the English public. The three authors depict three states of society, each different from the other, and yet all American. First in my list is Thomas Nelson Page, the author of a series of sketches which, published together, are summed up in the title "In Ole Virginia" (Ward, Lock, & Tyler). The chief story of this small volume is "Marse Chan," a story which, published in *Harper's Magazine* some two or three years ago, made the author famous in a day. Mr. Page—as his name shows—is a member of one of the old families of Virginia. He is the son and descendant of generations of slaveholders, and it is evident that, though he has, like most Southerners, accommodated himself to the new state of things, his heart is with the old.

In "In Ole Virginia" and the other works of Mr. Page we have slavery as seen from the picturesque and the romantic side. The volume is especially useful as bringing back to life a dead society, and as showing us that society—with the exaggeration, it is true, of one brought up in its midst, but likewise with that honest attempt at an impartial picture of daily life which is one of fiction's most serviceable duties; for the novelist who is true to life is never more needed than in correcting the crude and passionate generalities of politician and historian. The moral Mr. Page wishes to have drawn from all his stories,

is the tenderness and the kindness of the relation that existed between the negro and his master. All his negroes are delightful creatures. They are loyal, affectionate, simple; if they are boastful, it is simply to increase the glory of their house and their masters. Their exaggeration and pride and pomp of place are set forth even better in some of Mr. Page's poems than in his prose works. These poems are not yet published, I believe, in this country.

It is, indeed, a curious part of all Southern writing that the white man plays the subordinate, and the negro the chief part. It is so, for instance, in all the delightful stories of "Uncle Remus." I am not converted from my truly British hatred of negro slavery by Mr. Page; but I am forced to see that in daily life, a political institution which is indefensible, and which affords great opportunity for injustice, may have its bright as well as its dark side. The relation of master and slave must have begotten servility and all its vices; but servility, on the other hand, produces intense loyalty on the one hand, and, in return, intense affection. At all events, anybody who wants to learn before it is too late what the society of the South was in its best form before the Civil War, had better read the books of Mr. Page. Apart altogether from this historic value, the stories are full of the sweetest and most touching pathos. In "Marse Chan" especially, there is a picture of a lovers' quarrel that ends with the bringing home of the dead body of the man from the battle-field, and with the premature death through grief of the woman—which is one of the truest and most touching pictures in literature of high-bred love. Finally, it is well to utter this word of warning. All Mr. Page's stories are written in dialect; the dialect looks at first sight very forbidding and very formidable; it improves and becomes quite easy on closer acquaintance.

The second author I recommend for study with hesitation, for he is morbid, pessimist, and sometimes positively unclean. But the evils of society must be studied with courage in fiction as well as in blue-books; and as a study in social pathology there are few writers more striking than Mr. Edgar Saltus. Like Howells and James, he is concerned with the society of the Northern States, but in the fierce tumult of New York, and not in the comparative stillness of Boston. We all know the luridness of the American journal—the voracity of its interviewer, the boldness of its reporter, and the strange depths of social wrong-doing to which the eye of the American journalist dares to descend. The American newspaper, with its long details of the most recent divorce case, with its corps of reporters rushing from the wronged husband to the vicious wife, or from the plaintive wife to the criminal husband; the American newspaper, with its tales of long and close communing with murderers in their cells the night before their execution; those, and a thousand other things that will suggest themselves, sometimes look to us like a very uncomfortable nightmare. Mr. Saltus is like a sensational American journal boiled down.

The society of which he writes is, every bit of it, rotten. The men commit murder, the women run to adultery; every story ends in a tragedy, hideous, vulgar, and squalid—the tragedy of a money-getting, pleasure-hunting society, at once hysteric and grim, self-indulgent and relentless, above all things modern and vulgar, not the tragedy which has the dignity of futile warring with great fate and with the background of history and ancient cities and civilisation. Americans, I believe, deny that any such beings exist as those which figure in the pages of Mr. Saltus. Let us hope that at least the picture is grossly exaggerated; for society that was such as he depicted, stood in much peril. I have an impression that in some respects America is now much more the paradise of the capitalist than of the working man, and that capitalism there is grosser, more cruel, and more exacting than

among ourselves. And the books of Mr. Saltus show that the tyranny of capital, like all tyrannies, brings its own punishment; for these morbid, sickly creatures, victims of their own passions, which figure in his books, are a race as destined to premature decay as the sweated men and women out of whom their ill-gotten gain has come.

The two books of Mr. Saltus which will give the best idea of his style are "The Truth about Tristrem Varick" and "Mr. Incoul's Misadventure" (Routledge & Sons). Both are intensely disagreeable, though powerful, stories. "Tristrem Varick" is a quiet, inoffensive, simple, idle young man—the heir of a wealthy family. He falls in love with a woman meant to stand as the type of animal beauty. He discovers that she has been the mistress of a loved friend; thinks that she has been cruelly betrayed; and in the belief that he is bound to avenge her honour, quietly, deliberately, of the most set purpose, kills the friend. His return is to find that he is loathed by the woman who has loved the false better than the true lover; and we leave him without knowing whether he is to be respited or executed by electricity.

"Mr. Incoul" is an even more disagreeable personage than "Tristrem Varick." He marries a woman who, he knows, is in love with another man. He discovers that even after the marriage she is still in correspondence with the former admirer; and then subtly and coldly carries out a devilish plot, by which in the one night both die—the lover driven to suicide, the wife murdered by the husband.

As to the other books of Mr. Saltus, they fall far beneath these two; they have all the nastiness of "Tristrem Varick" and "Mr. Incoul," without any of the cleverness which redeems these two.

I turn with some relief to another writer, like the one of whom I have first spoken in being from the South. The novels of Miss Murfree—or of "Charles Egbert Craddock," to use the *nom de guerre* under which she is in the habit of writing—have already found a public in England, though not by any means as large a public as her undoubted genius and the perfect virginity of the soil with which she deals, deserves. Her chief novel, "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain," is well known; a more recent story, "The Despot of Broomsedge Grove," is not yet popular on this side. I strongly recommend it. It has some of the virtues and the faults of her first novel. Miss Murfree places her scenes in the mountains of Tennessee, in a land remote, not merely from the general world, but even from the people in the valleys immediately below. We have a description of an entirely primitive society, like in some respects the society of other countries, but still entirely distinctive. As among the Presbyterians of the country districts of Scotland and the Methodists of the rural parts of England, religion plays a most prominent part in their daily lives, but religion in its unlovely form of narrowness, Puritanism, and gross and graceless superstition. To these mountaineers the heroes and heroines of the Old Testament are the real part of the Gospel; they have the strongest faith in a personal devil, and side by side with this, they are almost uninfluenced in their daily dealings by any lofty moral motive. The skill with which the characters of these narrow-minded, narrow-hearted, but yet intensely interesting people, are brought into a clear photograph, is extraordinary; there is nothing like it in contemporary English literature except that splendid gallery of rural characters—grotesque and pathetic—with which Thomas Hardy has peopled the world of literature.

But Miss Murfree, again, leaves, like the two other writers of the same nationality, an impression that is not altogether pleasant.

In a new country, with all the splendid resources of universal education, hampered by none of the traditions which are to us so much of a hindrance, one does not expect to find a population that ethically and intellectually is on the same level as the hinds of our villages. However, I have given enough of reflection; suffice it to say that all these three writers are worth close study as keys to a new society. America has been but recently discovered in literature or art; it is less known to most educated Englishmen than France or Germany; and perhaps I shall earn somebody's gratitude by giving this opportunity of learning something of three types of social life, each of which is utterly unknown in any society in any country of the old world.

T.

REVIEWS.

AN EXHUMED PHILOSOPHER.

LA PHILOSOPHIE DE LAMENNAIS. Par Paul Janet. Paris: Félix Alcan. 1890.

THE Abbé de Lamennais, though he survives in elegant extracts, is as little read as any French classic. If not a great philosopher, he is more interesting than most philosophers, for he was also a divine, a politician, a public agitator, and the author, according to a famous critic, of the fifty finest pages in modern French. When he had become the most conspicuous writer of his country, and the most celebrated ecclesiastic in Christendom, his opinions went through a surprising series of changes, and apparent contradictions. He who, in 1825, had been the apostle of all authority, declared himself a Liberal and a Republican in 1830, and had renounced Catholicism by 1835. In 1840 he had given up Christianity, and, with most democrats of that day, felt the touch of Socialism. M. Janet devotes a volume to him, expecting and promising to find in his forgotten or neglected writings something fit to preserve. He thinks, moreover, that there is logic and order in the variations of those troubled years, and believes that he has detected, in the first and fundamental doctrine of the writer, the force that carried him through all the phases of his career. Lamennais is made to appear consistent in other things than intolerance of opponents, and the unintellectual love for the simplicity of extreme opinions; and assumes the character—dear to the admirers of Burke—of the man who changes his colours to be true to his underlying principle.

The doctrine on which he contrived to ring so many changes was already popular when he proclaimed it in 1817, in a book which enjoys the distinction of having been translated by a peer of the present day. A well-regulated mind distrusts its own conclusions, and anxiously verifies them by comparison and consultation with others. Where there is no demonstration, the chances of error diminish and certitude increases, with the number of different and disinterested persons who agree. Reason is a social, not an individual product, and individualism must be subordinated to society—*Securus judicat orbis terrarum*; or, as Lamennais puts it, *Il n'y a de faux que ce qui est divers*. Unity and authority shall prevail, and mankind submit to Pope and King—*L'autorité peut tout, pour le bien comme pour le mal*. This is the original formula, the absolute and Ultramontane thesis of the *Essai sur l'Indifférence*. Some years later, when throne and altar went asunder, Lamennais gave up one half of his system and of his argument; he rejected the King, but clave all the more to the Pope. In the *Avenir* he exhibited the unknown and unseen spectacle of a Liberal in politics and Ultramontane in religion, defending the head of the Holy Office in the name of liberty of conscience, and liberty of conscience in the name of the head of the Holy Office. Appealing from his Gallican opponents, he besought the Pope to approve the combination. Gregory XVI. said nothing about the object of his pilgrimage, offered him a pinch of snuff, and, when he was gone, condemned the theory he had been asked to sanction. Lamennais presently began to think that the Pope was, no more than the King, supported by universal assent; that majorities are not the same thing as authorities; and that government from above is not government from below—Pope and King fell under the same anathema. The abbé left his Church, and began, in the intervals of political agitation, to construct a system in place of the one he had renounced. How his Christianity fell with his Catholicism, and how the rigid and devout divine

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE.
Friday, May 16, 1890.

SOME American—I don't remember which—has declared that the great drama of the future is to come from America. The great drama has certainly not come; for the slavish adaptation of French models by English dramatists reaches a second and lower stage in the adaptation of our adaptations in America. And yet there is no country which could be more fairly expected to give materials for the great drama. The relations of man and woman are the central motive of most dramas and most romances, and where are these relations so complex, so varied, so picturesque as in America? With us in the old countries, the initiation of tragedy belongs almost exclusively to the one sex. The man goes out on his hunt for passion, romance, a home, seeking whom he may devour; the woman sits at her hearth with all the possibilities of tragedy in her heart and character, but unable to stir hand or foot in weaving her destiny until the man comes to guide her first faltering step. But in America, the extraordinary independence which society gives to woman, the spirit of self-reliance which is thus developed, makes woman's initiative almost as great as man's in affairs of passion; and thus we have the two sexes instead of the one, beginning those relations which end in the unrecorded tranquillity of a happy home, or in the grief, crime, death, which form the stock-in-trade of the dramatist and the novelist.

One gets some glimpses of this extraordinary advantage of America in the novel, if one does not find it in the drama. Howells and James have confined their pens—though not exclusively—to the small and generally squalid details of the super-civilised and petty life of Boston and its vicinity. But Boston is much less America than Paris is France or London England. In the vast continent over which America stretches, there is as much variety of circumstances, population, environment, character, as there is of climate. In America, too, you have society still in those primitive stages which bring adventures, hair-breadth escapes, tragic crises, desperate endeavour. America is pre-eminently the land of adventure.

These being the promises of America, what has she done? The best answer I would give to this question is to recommend to particular attention some authors that are as yet but little known—at least two of them—to the English public. The three authors depict three states of society, each different from the other, and yet all American. First in my list is Thomas Nelson Page, the author of a series of sketches which, published together, are summed up in the title "In Ole Virginia" (Ward, Lock, & Tyler). The chief story of this small volume is "Marse Chan," a story which, published in *Harper's Magazine* some two or three years ago, made the author famous in a day. Mr. Page—as his name shows—is a member of one of the old families of Virginia. He is the son and descendant of generations of slaveholders, and it is evident that, though he has, like most Southerners, accommodated himself to the new state of things, his heart is with the old.

In "In Ole Virginia" and the other works of Mr. Page we have slavery as seen from the picturesque and the romantic side. The volume is especially useful as bringing back to life a dead society, and as showing us that society—with the exaggeration, it is true, of one brought up in its midst, but likewise with that honest attempt at an impartial picture of daily life which is one of fiction's most serviceable duties; for the novelist who is true to life is never more needed than in correcting the crude and passionate generalities of politician and historian. The moral Mr. Page wishes to have drawn from all his stories,

is the tenderness and the kindness of the relation that existed between the negro and his master. All his negroes are delightful creatures. They are loyal, affectionate, simple; if they are boastful, it is simply to increase the glory of their house and their masters. Their exaggeration and pride and pomp of place are set forth even better in some of Mr. Page's poems than in his prose works. These poems are not yet published, I believe, in this country.

It is, indeed, a curious part of all Southern writing that the white man plays the subordinate, and the negro the chief part. It is so, for instance, in all the delightful stories of "Uncle Remus." I am not converted from my truly British hatred of negro slavery by Mr. Page; but I am forced to see that in daily life, a political institution which is indefensible, and which affords great opportunity for injustice, may have its bright as well as its dark side. The relation of master and slave must have begotten servility and all its vices; but servility, on the other hand, produces intense loyalty on the one hand, and, in return, intense affection. At all events, anybody who wants to learn before it is too late what the society of the South was in its best form before the Civil War, had better read the books of Mr. Page. Apart altogether from this historic value, the stories are full of the sweetest and most touching pathos. In "Marse Chan" especially, there is a picture of a lovers' quarrel that ends with the bringing home of the dead body of the man from the battle-field, and with the premature death through grief of the woman—which is one of the truest and most touching pictures in literature of high-bred love. Finally, it is well to utter this word of warning. All Mr. Page's stories are written in dialect; the dialect looks at first sight very forbidding and very formidable; it improves and becomes quite easy on closer acquaintance.

The second author I recommend for study with hesitation, for he is morbid, pessimist, and sometimes positively unclean. But the evils of society must be studied with courage in fiction as well as in blue-books; and as a study in social pathology there are few writers more striking than Mr. Edgar Saltus. Like Howells and James, he is concerned with the society of the Northern States, but in the fierce tumult of New York, and not in the comparative stillness of Boston. We all know the luridness of the American journal—the voracity of its interviewer, the boldness of its reporter, and the strange depths of social wrong-doing to which the eye of the American journalist dares to descend. The American newspaper, with its long details of the most recent divorce case, with its corps of reporters rushing from the wronged husband to the vicious wife, or from the plaintive wife to the criminal husband; the American newspaper, with its tales of long and close communing with murderers in their cells the night before their execution; those, and a thousand other things that will suggest themselves, sometimes look to us like a very uncomfortable nightmare. Mr. Saltus is like a sensational American journal boiled down.

The society of which he writes is, every bit of it, rotten. The men commit murder, the women run to adultery; every story ends in a tragedy, hideous, vulgar, and squalid—the tragedy of a money-getting, pleasure-hunting society, at once hysteric and grim, self-indulgent and relentless, above all things modern and vulgar, not the tragedy which has the dignity of futile warring with great fate and with the background of history and ancient cities and civilisation. Americans, I believe, deny that any such beings exist as those which figure in the pages of Mr. Saltus. Let us hope that at least the picture is grossly exaggerated; for society that was such as he depicted, stood in much peril. I have an impression that in some respects America is now much more the paradise of the capitalist than of the working man, and that capitalism there is grosser, more cruel, and more exacting than

among ourselves. And the books of Mr. Saltus show that the tyranny of capital, like all tyrannies, brings its own punishment; for these morbid, sickly creatures, victims of their own passions, which figure in his books, are a race as destined to premature decay as the sweated men and women out of whom their ill-gotten gain has come.

The two books of Mr. Saltus which will give the best idea of his style are "The Truth about Tristrem Varick" and "Mr. Incoul's Misadventure" (Routledge & Sons). Both are intensely disagreeable, though powerful, stories. "Tristrem Varick" is a quiet, inoffensive, simple, idle young man—the heir of a wealthy family. He falls in love with a woman meant to stand as the type of animal beauty. He discovers that she has been the mistress of a loved friend; thinks that she has been cruelly betrayed; and in the belief that he is bound to avenge her honour, quietly, deliberately, of the most set purpose, kills the friend. His return is to find that he is loathed by the woman who has loved the false better than the true lover; and we leave him without knowing whether he is to be respited or executed by electricity.

"Mr. Incoul" is an even more disagreeable personage than "Tristrem Varick." He marries a woman who, he knows, is in love with another man. He discovers that even after the marriage she is still in correspondence with the former admirer; and then subtly and coldly carries out a devilish plot, by which in the one night both die—the lover driven to suicide, the wife murdered by the husband.

As to the other books of Mr. Saltus, they fall far beneath these two; they have all the nastiness of "Tristrem Varick" and "Mr. Incoul," without any of the cleverness which redeems these two.

I turn with some relief to another writer, like the one of whom I have first spoken in being from the South. The novels of Miss Murfree—or of "Charles Egbert Craddock," to use the *nom de guerre* under which she is in the habit of writing—have already found a public in England, though not by any means as large a public as her undoubted genius and the perfect virginity of the soil with which she deals, deserves. Her chief novel, "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain," is well known; a more recent story, "The Despot of Broomsedge Grove," is not yet popular on this side. I strongly recommend it. It has some of the virtues and the faults of her first novel. Miss Murfree places her scenes in the mountains of Tennessee, in a land remote, not merely from the general world, but even from the people in the valleys immediately below. We have a description of an entirely primitive society, like in some respects the society of other countries, but still entirely distinctive. As among the Presbyterians of the country districts of Scotland and the Methodists of the rural parts of England, religion plays a most prominent part in their daily lives, but religion in its unlovely form of narrowness, Puritanism, and gross and graceless superstition. To these mountaineers the heroes and heroines of the Old Testament are the real part of the Gospel; they have the strongest faith in a personal devil, and side by side with this, they are almost uninfluenced in their daily dealings by any lofty moral motive. The skill with which the characters of these narrow-minded, narrow-hearted, but yet intensely interesting people, are brought into a clear photograph, is extraordinary; there is nothing like it in contemporary English literature except that splendid gallery of rural characters—grotesque and pathetic—with which Thomas Hardy has peopled the world of literature.

But Miss Murfree, again, leaves, like the two other writers of the same nationality, an impression that is not altogether pleasant.

In a new country, with all the splendid resources of universal education, hampered by none of the traditions which are to us so much of a hindrance, one does not expect to find a population that ethically and intellectually is on the same level as the hinds of our villages. However, I have given enough of reflection; suffice it to say that all these three writers are worth close study as keys to a new society. America has been but recently discovered in literature or art; it is less known to most educated Englishmen than France or Germany; and perhaps I shall earn somebody's gratitude by giving this opportunity of learning something of three types of social life, each of which is utterly unknown in any society in any country of the old world.

T.

REVIEWS.

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came to be transformed into a secularist metaphysician, and a text and topic for the *Bibliothèque de Philosophie Contemporaine*, that is a problem only to be solved by conjecture. When the *Esquisse d'une Philosophie* began to appear, in 1840, the author was an implicit Pantheist. His traditionalism and the dogma of common sense were shed, or survived only as belief in the voting multitude; and M. Janet suspects that this, the last state of the man, was also the first; that his theory of authority, in its successive stages, was too extreme and inconsistent to be genuine—was, in truth, the artifice by which he repressed the explosion of inward doubt, for Lamennais was not by education a Christian. In early life he vexed his teachers with objections; and for that, or other reasons, he did not make his first communion until he was twenty-two. At the age of thirty-four he was ordained, sorely against his will, under urgent pressure of ghostly advisers. When he wrote his first great book, he announced that almost the whole of Pascal would be absorbed into it. Therefore it may be said that he proceeded from scepticism not only in order of time, but in order of thought. His Roman critic, in 1832, anticipated this interpretation, saying that Lamennais only pretended to be a Catholic, and exaggerated the rights of the Holy See the better to undermine them.

If absolute authority was his refuge from uncertainty, what was it that made him declare himself a Liberal in his politics, and to cut off one leg of his system? The answer is that it was the conflict between Government and clergy respecting education in 1828. Lamennais, in his meagre hasty scholarship, had not learnt from the experience of a thousand years to fortify his mind against surprises and the danger of the unforeseen. He was much more impressed by what happened before his eyes, than before his time; by newspapers than by books. But M. Janet shows that he was moving from the illiberal to the Liberal side of things as early as 1826, and he calls him the inventor of Liberal Catholicism. The same transition had just been effected, with the utmost noise and ostentation, by Chateaubriand, who enjoyed the fame of a sort of lay divine and secular Father of the Church—a description of personage frequent just then, and much more notable than the trained professors of sacred theology. At a distance, too, it was not distinct from the position taken up by O'Connell. Among the Royalists of Paris the editor of *Le Catholique*, who afterwards joined the *Avenir*, had for some years advocated Liberality much in advance of that age, foreshadowing 1846. The movement had begun independently in different countries, and in Ireland pursued more intelligible lines than in France. Indeed, Lamennais initiated nothing, and the specific idea in which his Liberalism consisted—to depress the civil power by exalting the spiritual—was as old as that of subjecting the spiritual to the civil. M. Janet further assigns to him the discovery of the separation of Church and State. He is here speaking within the limits of French law, narrower than the limits of French literature. That the generation of 1789, with a mind generally receptive, and open to new ideas, was dense and inelastic in ecclesiastical polity, is true, and it is the most memorable fact in the Revolution. But separation was an ancient theory in the English sects, and a recent fact in the American States; and at the moment when Lamennais took up the idea, circumstances had made it singularly prominent in France. In March, 1824, a prize was awarded at Paris for an essay on religious liberty. The judges were Guizot, Barante, Rémusat. The victor, among twenty-nine competitors, solved the problem by separating Church and State. He was a young divine from Lausanne, unendowed with the passionate dialectics of the Breton abbé, or with the splendour of his style, but destined to exert, from his early tomb, a profound influence over the thought of the next age. Vinet, not Lamennais, made the doctrine of disestablishment a European force. It was a development of the Liberal, not of the Ultramontane creed; and there came a moment when our philosopher resembled that missionary, who, having worked up the argument from antiquity and numbers, found it welcomed and appropriated by the Buddhist.

M. Janet is, by right of merit, the first in that spiritual school of thinkers which, under Cousin, flourished with something of an official stamp, and has laboured to preserve alliance but not amalgamation with the Church. His books are classical in almost every branch of philosophy; and his History of Political Science is not only the best, but the only good one ever written in any language. In preparing the third volume, which will deal with the nineteenth century, he has found Lamennais upon his path, and we may suppose that the converted theocrat, the Liberal Catholic, the Republican Confessor, the advocate, with Tocqueville, of self-government in the Constitutional Committee of 1848, has made him indulgent to the obscure metaphysician, and willing to perceive method and continuity under glaring contrasts

and vociferous recantations. He is known as the most appreciative of critics and the most forbearing of opponents. When he had to defend the French family from the censures of a German, he wrote that "after all, a degree of mental polish is not a crime, and a French *salon* is as good as the tavern where—good citizens used to get drunk!" The effect of that soft answer, instead of the obvious variation—"where the learned professor fuddles himself with beer"—was all in favour of the urbane philosopher. Once an interview was arranged between M. Janet, as the worthy representative of French thought, and a still greater celebrity from Berlin. He chanced, very innocently, to ask after Zoellner. The German bluntly replied, "Zoellner was my worst enemy." It is reported that the Frenchman's retreat from this undeniable fix was a model of good grace and decorum. The same restraining taste and temper are manifest in his life of Cousin, compared with that by his other eminent pupil, Jules Simon. And the lingering admirers of Lamennais have cause for joy that his principal work has been rescued and exposed to light by so real an eclectic, who numbers rather the truths than the errors of preceding systems, and carries generosity to a fault.

FRANCE AND THE REPUBLIC.

FRANCE AND THE REPUBLIC: A RECORD OF THINGS SEEN AND LEARNED IN THE FRENCH PROVINCES DURING THE CENTENNIAL YEAR 1889. (With a map.) By William Henry Hurlbert, author of "Ireland under Coercion." London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1890.

THIS is not a dispassionate inquiry into the subject of its title, but a slashing and indiscriminate onslaught upon everything that is un-monarchical and un-clerical. It is an inflated and intemperate Orleanist political pamphlet of 628 pages. Mr. Hurlbert's condition of mind in his investigations is well defined by himself in the phrase, "I have an impression which it will require evidence to remove." As a matter of fact, his impressions, his statements, and his very expressions, are borrowed throughout from the most violent of the reactionary party, with whom alone he mixed; from the priests, the Catholic clubs, their agitators, and their petty country journals, which are perhaps the most hopeless printed sheets anywhere to be found. At these sources has he filled himself, tabooing the other side, and the result is what we endeavour to show.

As to the violence we charge, Gambetta, Jules Favre, and Thiers were "blubbing jumping-jacks," and Thiers at the same time was "a little rascal, and the greatest literary liar of the century, except Victor Hugo." The republican statesman M. Spuller is "a true disciple of Robespierre." The republican Mayor of Amiens, and editor of the *Progrès de la Somme* (*à bon entendeur, salut*) is a "rampant Atheist and a cotton-velvet bagman of blasphemy." "The doctrine of the Third Republic is that all Frenchmen must be Atheists;" even the seven inoffensive Government clerks in the Ministry of Worship are "all of them now, doubtless, good Atheists."

Mr. Hurlbert himself says of his book that "under the plan I have adopted in constructing this book, I have not attempted to marshal and co-ordinate the evidence." This is so, with the exception of the words "plan" and "constructing," for the great volume is diluvian merely; and after reading it from cover to cover, one feels much as a man might have done who had managed to pull through the Deluge without an ark. If the map with "author's route" in a blue line all round and about France is not given "with intent to deceive," it certainly takes the reader very considerably in, for, with trifling exceptions, the whole congested and inchoate production is busied with the extremest north-eastern corner of the map (Calais, Boulogne, Amiens, Lille, Valenciennes, Reims, and the smaller places near).

As to the more immediate subject of the book's title (though not of the book), it sounds passing strange to find a republican, as Mr. Hurlbert must be presumed to be—at all events, in the abstract—washing his hands of all other republics but his own: "the first and, so far, the only successful great republic of modern times;" and disclaiming any responsibility "for all the experiments in republicanism, no matter how absurd, odious, and preposterous they may be." And he adds that—

To compare the tremendous outpouring of the American people into New York on 30th April, 1889, to do honour there to the hundredth anniversary of the first inauguration of George Washington, to the gigantic cosmopolitan fair dedicated at Paris in 1889 by President Carnot to the "principles of 1789," is to exhaust the resources of the ridiculous.

Which must forcibly remind some irreverent readers of Mr. Bryce's capital story of the thanksgiving committee and their "O Lord! bless these United States!" "What it has become the fashion to call parliamentary government" meets with no mercy. It is "the desperate effort of a centralised parliamentary despotism at Paris in the year 1890 to maintain a third republic. I speak of France as one thing, and of the republic as another thing. I do not speak of the French Republic." The conclusion is foregone, and backed up by abuse instead of argument.

Statements the most astounding (for anyone who has lived long among the French) and the most unfounded are thrown about everywhere. "The Protestants, like the Catholics, of France find themselves treated by an oligarchy of religious fanatics as pariahs in their own country." Again: "One of the most mischievous things done" is giving important official positions to Israelites by blood, who are Christians by profession. "Very nearly half the prefectures in France are filled by such persons," an assertion which may be flatly and safely denied. These officials carry out "offensive and tyrannical measures against Catholic schools and congregations in an offensive and tyrannical manner," and so in return foment popular hostility to the Jews; and, therefore, "the policy of this Government is thus aimed as clearly at the extinction of the Jewish as of the Christian faith." The writer of this sort of thing succeeds only in convincing the sane reader that he is irresponsible. As to the present conciliatory home policy of successive republican governments who have learned their Boulanger lesson, Mr. Hurlbert absolutely ignores it. It is "a policy of persecution;" "the freemasons and the fanatics of unbelief generally have launched the Government on its present course."

Mr. Hurlbert has certainly failed to grasp the true electoral situation of 1889. For that, one must view all sides of the question; and he only sees one. In the first place, the red-herring of Boulangerism threw only republican voters off the scent, for the reactionaries who voted for Boulanger were practically voting their own ticket, as Mr. Hurlbert would say. Thus, to be safe in dissecting the polls, the votes of Boulangerists—and of abstentionists, too—must be divided between republicans and reactionaries proportionally to their own votes; and in that way (and employing Mr. Hurlbert's own figures) the supposititious strength of republicans would be 4,496,553 to 3,489,088 of their adversaries; or a majority of 1,007,465 on the total 1889 poll. The republican majority is thus, for any definite contest, 55 in every 100 actual voters, while the opposing minority is the remaining 45. In 1885 the republican force (on Mr. Hurlbert's figures) was 56½, as compared with 55; so that there is thus a clear falling-off, which is sufficiently ominous without exaggerating it, and will confirm governments in the moderation towards opponents upon which they have entered.

It is, however, we regret to say, impossible to rely on Mr. Hurlbert's figures; and as he gives us no authority for them, they cannot be completely corrected. On p. xcv he makes an error of 630,655 votes, misrepresenting the abstentionists of 1889 (*quid* 1885) to have been 788,821 instead of 158,166; and the recorded votes of 1885 are set down at 89,579 more than the official *Annuaire* gives. Mr. Hurlbert has possibly taken his figures from some irresponsible clerical election agent. His percentages are wrong on p. 488; his partial figures about the deputies on p. 484, if not erroneous, are incomprehensible; there is a funny muddle of figures on pp. 146 and 152; and we must wholly decline to believe that the Retail-operative Society of Anzin, selling at "the average ruling retail prices in the shops," make a profit on sausages of 18 francs the kilogramme (p. 317), which is just 6s. 6½d. the lb. The centimes in taxation so completely pose him that the statements on pp. 112 and 498 are unintelligible; and how can he expect us to assimilate the assertion that a commune in the Gironde "actually pays 90 francs per cent. of revenue tax"?

In the face of his own figures, in spite of the reactionary minority at the polls and in the Chamber, after the last hardest of tussles in 1889, Mr. Hurlbert roundly says, "I believe the masses of the French people to be at heart monarchical." This is clearly an "impression" (as above), which cannot be removed even by his own evidence. Again, he asserts, "It is undeniable that an overwhelming majority of the ablest and most influential men in France of all classes and conditions are to-day in open opposition either to the policy or to the constitution of the existing Republic, or to both." Then why do they let either exist? His remedy is "a dynasty which shall afford assurance of an enduring Executive;" and "how can an independent Executive ever be restored in France," he triumphantly asks, letting the cat at last out of his enormous bag, "excepting in the person of Philippe VII.?" This is the whole end of "France and the Republic."

GREAT MEN AND SMALL.

GLANCES AT GREAT AND LITTLE MEN. By Paladin. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

WHAT the author of these "Glances at Great and Little Men" means by his preface we are at a loss to guess. "This book," he says, "is written indeed in the first person, but this is only as a matter of convenience, and is not always meant to carry with it the suggestion of individuality. The 'I' may be regarded as a fictitious entity, employed merely as being the least cumbersome of pronouns, and the lightest literary vehicle for the conveyance of thought." But we should like to know, was it to the author or to "a fictitious entity" that "the Duc de Padoue was good enough to send an invitation for Napoleon III.'s funeral"? Which of the two was it moreover who, in Munich, found "the members of the Upper House very polite and pleasant"? That anyone was invited to Napoleon's funeral, or that anyone found a company of Bavarian noblemen and gentlemen polite and pleasant, is not of much consequence. Nevertheless, uninteresting as the statement is in itself, even the dullest reader of the dullest gossip must feel uneasy when he learns that after all it was perhaps only "a fictitious entity" that in both cases was meant. In the case of the funeral it does not matter who or what was invited, for we are not told whether anyone or anything attended it. But it is a different case when witness is borne to the manners of these Bavarians. Was the author, or was he not, invited to dine with these "mediatised princes or counts"? Testimony, he should remember, is like an arrow shot from a long bow, the force of it depends on the strength of the hand that draws it. But what is the strength of the hand of "a fictitious entity"? If, however, he really was invited to join these noblemen, he would surely have shown greater politeness had he kept the fact for the bosom of his family. If his vanity leads him to publish it to the world, he should not have insulted his new acquaintances by thus testifying to their politeness. What sort of people had he expected to find? We shall see before long some German traveller in England telling his countrymen that he was invited to join a company of English noblemen at dinner, and found them with clean hands and faces, or that he met a party of bishops, not one of whom was drunk and incapable. He will no doubt follow up these statements, as our author follows up his, with the truism that "the higher classes are much alike in this respect all over the world." In one chapter we have a long report of a conversation which our author had with Napoleon III. at Wilhelmshöhe. If he really saw the fallen Emperor, then the report of what was said may have some little interest; but by the preface we are left in so much doubt that we hardly think it worth the trouble of perusal. Even if he has seen all the great and little men whom he mentions, nevertheless his narrative would lose the chief merit as it has been written down so long after the events which are recorded. "If I remember rightly," he says now and then, thus showing that it is to his recollection that he has chiefly to trust. Now such gossiping narratives as this are scarcely ever interesting unless they were written when each occurrence was fresh in the mind. By minuteness of detail even a man of dull mind may manage to catch our attention. When this has become impossible by lapse of time and forgetfulness its place is taken by what is called "padding," with a dismal result to the intelligent reader. As we read some of the chapters we could see no reason why they should begin, but still less why they should end. The stuff of which they were composed could have been turned out as well by the mile as the line, the acre as the page.

The fact that either he or the "fictitious entity" called on Napoleon entitles him, he evidently thinks, to speak of the Emperor as if he had peculiar sources of information open to him alone. If we are to trust him, Napoleon "for seventeen years ruled France, on the whole, well;" he was "by far the most keen-sighted and far-sighted man in his dominions;" he "had done more than anyone else in France to avert the war with Germany;" and "he left her richer by far than she had ever been before." These are matters of opinion, but the *ipse dixit* of a "fictitious entity" is not enough to convince us of their truth. We are much more willing to trust him when he informs us that when he went to see the great Grace play at cricket, unfortunately "the typical athlete" had had his innings before he arrived on the ground.

The opening chapter of the book, in which we have an account of Oxford, had led us to hope for better things. Here we found

some traces of humour and some smartness of writing. The following description of the college scout is not without liveliness. "He lives on terms of surprising familiarity with his young masters, and yet they do not know him in the least; he leads an absolutely separate existence. He hovers round them, half guardian angel and half tempter, but before all things residuary legatee. They come and go, but he goes on for ever, like the brook—like it too in that his life is eminently liquid. Personally he seems to care but little for solid food, but his family are less abstemious, and as an honest man he has to provide for them. . . . It is a peculiar gratification in these days of flux and change to come across a body of men so true to the old traditions of their kind. If the undergraduate of a hundred years ago were to rise from his grave, the scout of to-day would not recognise him, but he would recognise the scout. 'Ah,' he would say, 'you are dressed a little differently, but otherwise you are your great-grandfather all over.' Yes, you can have that old cigar-case; as you say, it is getting very shabby." Hawkins, the old Provost of Oriel, is not ill-described as "the last Bourbon of Oxford, the final representative of the right divine of Heads." A good story moreover is told of the late Bishop of Peterborough, Dr. Jeune, when Master of Pembroke College. "At that time attendance at communion was compulsory on the undergraduates at Oxford, but Dr. Jeune refused to enforce the regulation. 'I give notice,' he said one day in chapel, 'that for the future no member of the college will be compelled to eat and drink his own damnation.'"

Had our author had a good stock of such descriptions and such anecdotes, he would have made a book which could be read with some pleasure in the lazy part of the day. At all events he would not have been forced to fill up his last pages by telling us that Bismarck, whenever he met him, "always impressed him with a sense of power." We shall next expect to find a visitor to the Zoological Gardens telling us that the elephant, whenever he met it, "always impressed him with a sense of size." Still less would he have been forced to continue the account of his impressions by adding that "there is something elemental about the man, as of some force of nature become incarnate."

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

ACTE. By Hugh Westbury. Three vols. London: Bentley. 1890.

THE NEW FAITH. By C. T. C. James. Three vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.

MR. HUGH WESTBURY has many merits, but when we laid down "Acte" we were conscious only of one, his most amazing courage. We knew Mr. Balfour to be brave, for Mr. Goschen, who himself dreads no death save that of the intestate, has told us so; Mr. Stanley is brave, his achievements prove it; but just now, amidst the whirl, the veritable maelstrom created by this extraordinary story, we are disposed to declare Mr. Westbury braver than either Balfour or Stanley.

There was nothing in Mr. Westbury's former novel, "Frederick Hazzleden," to prepare the reader for such an incursion, with trumpets and alarums, into the domains of the silent Past. The theatre of the actions of "Frederick Hazzleden" was an English provincial town, and the time was most unmistakably the present. Local Politics and Solicitors were discussed in its pages, and the latter moved about after the manner of men who go to business every morning. The reader felt very much at home, as evidently did the writer. It is all very different in "Acte." The scene is now Imperial Rome; Mr. Westbury's authorities are no longer the files of local newspapers, *Punch*, and his own quick eyes and ears, but Tacitus, Suetonius, and the Epistles of St. Paul. Nero, Seneca, Tigellinus, Burrus, Poppæa, Piso, the Greek girl Acte, and the great Apostle of the Gentiles, are now Mr. Westbury's characters, and are so not merely by incidental reference as George Eliot introduces Machiavelli into "Romola," and Thackeray, Dr. Johnson and Richardson into "The Virginians," but even as Sam Weller is a character in "Pickwick," or at all events as Richard the First is a character in "Ivanhoe."

In this wonderful and able book Nero stamps and swears, and throws heavy furniture about; St. Paul sits by the side of a sick girl, and altogether persuades her to become a Christian; Seneca moralises and flirts with a late Vestal virgin. We see Rome burning, and hear the cries of the Christians as they are thrown to the lions. Audacity, audacity—always audacity, has been the motto of Mr. Westbury. The risks of such an enterprise are, of

course, enormous. Whether anyone is wise in running them may be doubted. It is, perhaps, best to read the Annals of Tacitus, either in the original or in Messrs. Broderick and Church's admirable translation, in a shuddering silence. Even Mr. Westbury's courage has failed him in one particular. He has not added Agrippina to his gallery.

But with these preliminary words of warning it must be said "Acte" is a book to be read. It is marvellously free from what one might confidently have predicted would be its curse, conventionality.

The characters are not lay-figures, empty clock-cases labelled with distinguished names. They have life and motion of their own. There is no mystery of antiquity clinging to them; the atmosphere is not that of a museum. Nero gets most genuinely drunk, even as men do to-day in Whitechapel. The scene between Seneca and Paulina is as real as anything in the pages of Mrs. Gaskell.

Mr. Westbury has taken great pains with his period, and writes like a scholar; but the merits of "Acte" are not those of "Gallus" and "Charicles." It affects to describe men and women, not apparel or environment. To write of Nero and his Court as Shakspeare wrote of Julius Cæsar, and Brutus, and Mark Antony, has been the great aim of Mr. Westbury. He has succeeded in producing an interesting and most animated novel, written in admirable English, and, as we have already said, with great courage. He deserves an attentive audience, which he will never weary or send away until the end of the third volume.

"The New Faith" is a somewhat startling title for a novel, and the question arises in the reader's mind, "What is it?" Unfortunately, the Founder of the New Faith is prevented by a fit from giving us information which he would doubtless otherwise have been in a position to do. The cynical reader when he comes to this, in itself, melancholy event, is tempted to observe that if the author had quite made up his mind as to what the New Faith was, its founder would have been spared the fit. Doing the best for ourselves, however, in the absence of a complete announcement by the Founder himself, the New Faith appears to have been, put shortly, something as follows. It has ten rules, of which the ninth and tenth are alone material:—"I endorse the fundamental doctrine of the New Faith, which is—that mankind possesses all the requisites for perfect goodness and perfect happiness within itself; that no heart is devoid of goodness, properly searched; that those who find, cultivate, and develop that which is best in their own hearts, and the hearts of others, experience the highest and most perfect heaven to which any inner consciousness ('soul,' in the language of the older faiths) can hope to attain, or be happy in attaining." "That I abandon, henceforward and for ever, all such doctrines of the old faiths as are incompatible with the foregoing most solemn declaration."

Having thus made a clean sweep of the Christian Religion and other ancient Faiths, and likewise, one may add incidentally, of the accumulations of human experience, the New Faith prospers marvellously. Its followers multiply apace, subscriptions flow in, and a beautiful church is built, in which, on the opening day, it is intended that Mr. Avernel, the Founder of the New Faith, should expound its final mysteries. Pending this consummation, however, Mr. Avernel falls in love with a lady who plays the part of Delilah to this modern Samson; for after having him at her feet, she finds him, as might be expected, an intolerable bore, and jilts him shamelessly for a mundane Peer.

A spiteful clergyman worms himself into the secret of the lady, and only a few minutes before the inauguration of the new Church, hands the unfortunate Founder a letter from his lady-love informing him that she cannot care for him as she ought to care for the man she marries, and expressing the hope that he won't be very much hurt, or very angry. The fit follows, and the faith expires.

At the close of the book is a postscript from which it appears that the author has never believed in Mr. Cecil Avernel at all, for he speaks of him as follows:—"Such a man is an agitator rather than a missionary, a puller-down rather than a builder-up, a man who, with the best intentions possible, roots old beliefs out of his followers' hearts, endeavours with might and main to instil new ones in their places, and falls just short of so doing."

The book is not without some moving scenes, and the character of the (good) heroine is pleasingly sketched. The chapter which describes the physical breakdown of the hero at the very moment when all the world has come to hear from his lips the final secret of the New Faith is genuinely pathetic. We cannot say the book is a good book, but it is interesting and illustrative of some of the phases of that curious compound which is often described, though hardly defined, as "Modern Thought."

EIMER ON ORGANIC EVOLUTION.

ORGANIC EVOLUTION AS THE RESULT OF THE INHERITANCE OF ACQUIRED CHARACTERS. By Dr. G. H. Theodor Eimer. Translated by J. T. Cunningham, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

THE inevitable reaction against the dogma of the Continuity of the Germ-Plasm is beginning to set in. For a couple of years or so the fashionable Athanasian creed of Weismannism has had things all its own way in this realm of England. As Mr. Cunningham rightly remarks in his able preface to the work he has so well translated, an "uncritical acceptance" has too long been accorded over here to Weismann's ingenious and plausible hypothesis. It has been swallowed whole—very largely, no doubt, because it was of German origin. At Oxford especially there is a growing tendency to hold *omne Germanicum pro magnifico*—at least until it is translated. Mr. Poulton and his little group of fellow-conspirators have thrust Weismann down our throats, willy-nilly, with creditable persistence, till heretical souls who ventured to doubt and hesitate have hardly dared at last to whisper their schism in stray holes and corners. Meanwhile, in Germany itself, a considerable mass of controversial literature has been springing up around the unconscious body of the poor innocent germ-cell. High authorities have been debating hotly whether it takes its rise from the substance of the individual body, or directly from the original parental germ-cells. As the question is unsusceptible of histological proof, and can only be approached by lateral evidence, it is as beautifully metaphysical as any problem of the Middle Ages. English biologists have mostly been unaware, however, of the amount of opposition which Weismann's dogma has aroused in the Fatherland, where it first saw the light; and Mr. Cunningham accordingly deserves sincere thanks at the hands of British science for introducing his fellow-countrymen to the first Teutonic counter-blast to the current belief in high places.

Yet, except as an indication of the sceptical attitude of many German thinkers towards Weismann's bold and somewhat ill-based theory, this volume has not many serious claims to attention as an original contribution to biological opinion. It is unsystematic, confused, and indefinite in method; while the substance of its teaching seems hardly different in any conspicuous particular from Mr. Herbert Spencer's well-known doctrines of the importance of function as predetermining structure, and of the essential similarity which exists between recrescence of lost parts and reproduction or genesis. Strange to say, Professor Eimer seldom mentions Mr. Spencer's name, and never at all in connection with those parts of his work which bear the closest resemblance to the "Principles of Biology." One would almost suppose, to judge from his reticence, he had never read his English predecessor's great treatise at all. If this be so, then the coincidences of thought and treatment almost surpass belief: if otherwise, then Professor Eimer can hardly be acquitted of conscious plagiarism, carefully concealed by the deliberate absence of any direct reference to the original authority. At the same time, the book is well worth reading for its incidental contributions to the mass of difficulties now being raised against the acceptance of Weismann's views; and some of its first-hand observations (especially in psychology) are not without considerable confirmatory value. The work is marked, however, by more than the usual Teutonic love for rigmarole and amplification, while it is at the same time conspicuous for a very un-Teutonic lack of plan or system. We tack up and down aimlessly through a sea of facts or speculations, wondering all the while whither our bark is tending, but sadly in want of compass, chart, or pilot. Apparently Professor Eimer has worked by throwing together loosely several distinct memoirs, without taking the trouble to weld them by deft workmanship into a consistent total. The sections have no coherence; the various parts have no summary; the whole has no conclusion; and the volume altogether has no index. Mr. Cunningham's brief and unpretentious introduction, though containing only a few stray hints, jotted down from a notebook, is in many respects a great deal more satisfactory than the big book it heralds; and in particular, it concludes with a dilemma for the followers of Weismann which seems to us a most admirable example of the application of dialectical skill to a physiological problem.

ITALIAN CHARACTERS.

ITALIAN CHARACTERS IN THE EPOCH OF UNIFICATION. By the Countess Evelyn Martinengo-Cesaresco. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

"As to the idea of Italy becoming one empire under one sovereign," wrote Mr. Cobden to Marco Minghetti, "I regard it as a child's dream." That was in 1847, and the opinion of a foreigner. Yet ten years later Cavour, when mentioning Manin to Rattazzi, says, "He is a very good man, but he always talks about the unity of Italy and other such absurdities." Cavour at that time had not yet embraced the grander scheme; it was in his prudent period, his period of hesitation, that he wrote thus. Mazzini had no such doubts. He was imbued with the unitarian idea from the very first, and steadfastly believed that political change was but the forerunner and necessary adjunct of moral change. As Madame Martinengo-Cesaresco here points out, Mazzini, strong of brain and of will, only regarded politics as the means to an end. Of the individual he demanded more than the acceptance of a political programme. "What he asked of his followers was the purification of their own hearts, the surrender of egotism, self-seeking, self-indulgence." And again, "Our country is our home; it is the house God gives us, our common workshop, the fulcrum of the lever we have to wield for the common good. We are bound to make it a community of free men and equals, and to maintain it in loveliness and strength."

It is with the other unifiers of Italy, the less prominent men whom Mazzini influenced, that Madame Martinengo-Cesaresco in this interesting volume deals—men of various temperaments, of different type, yet who all possessed character, grit, manliness, courage, and who knew how to sacrifice their differences that they might have a country. Of Ricasoli, who forms the subject of the opening monograph, we get a vivid impression. Landlord, wine-grower, and king-maker, his chief merit was that he had the welfare of the peasant deeply at heart. He instituted a Sunday-school—probably the first in Italy—and taught there himself. The best of such an institution, he thought, was that it brought master and men into close personal relations. Not only at social and moral change did he aim, but also at the solving of commercial and industrial problems. "Siamo onesti" was his great phrase. In contrast to this "Iron Baron" we have the picture of the sensitive, simple, modest Settembrini, whose life was one long imprisonment, solely because he loved freedom, and (as he himself said) knew not how to hold his peace among the oppressed, nor how to take his place among the oppressors. During the last five years passed in the Ergastolo he produced a scholarly translation of Lucian—one of the best renderings ever made of a prose classic into Italian. Lucian to him was a friend who had solaced him in a dark hour, and had saved his mind from death among the assassins and parricides with whom he was forced to associate. Regaining his freedom, he took the post of Professor of Italian Literature in the Naples University. For this he was eminently fitted, and his *Lezioni di Letteratura Italiana* is still a standard work. To the last he kept his gentleness and serenity of mind. His was a fine spirit, of a timbre as delicate as Leopardi's, yet without Leopardi's pessimism and discontent.

From this portrait gallery of the pioneers of Italian liberty it would have been impossible to omit Daniele Manin, the hero who baffled Austria and forced Venice to hold out against the foe. The Countess defines his personality most effectively in what will rank as one of the best monographs in her book. Here, truly, was a leader, a man of character and energy—English in his hatred of pose, in his practical good sense, and Hebrew in his power to endure, in his burning love of country, which nothing ever could kill. As a typical Roman we have the patriot-priest Ugo Bassi, in whom there was something of Francesco d'Assisi and something of Savonarola. "I am guilty of no crime," he said to the Governor of Comacchio, "save that of being an Italian, as you yourself are. I have risked my life for Italy, and your duty is to do good to those who have suffered for her." But the Austrians made him the scapegoat, and shot him as a rebel outside the gates of Bologna. Mameli, the Poerios, Nino Bixio, and the Marchesa Constance D'Azeglio, are all brought before us in turn by the writer, whose faculty for grasping the salient points in each character with which she deals makes her volume a most valuable one. Presented to us in so vivid, human a form, these makers of modern Italy will now find a wider circle of admirers among such of us in England as keep in our hearts a strong love for Italy and for

"Libertà, ch'è sì cara
Come sa chi per lei vita rifiuta."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

IN a volume of two hundred and fifty pages, entitled "Scottish Fields," Mr. Hugh Haliburton gives a genial, racy, and vivid account of various aspects of Scottish life and character, especially in the rural districts, at the beginning of the century. The old social and industrial life of the peasantry, before the "capture of steam in the toils of machinery," is conjured back with a degree of realism only possible to genuine literary art. Quaint local customs, which have almost disappeared since the arrival of the iron horse, are described with a humour in which it is easy to detect an underlying note of pathos, whilst the commanding figure of Robert Burns continually confronts us in the book. Mr. Haliburton tells us that when Crabbe visited Sir Walter Scott in Edinburgh, in 1822, his host entertained him one night by reading specimens of the poetry of William Dunbar. "I see," said Crabbe, when the reader ceased, "that the Ayrshire ploughman had one giant before him." Scott's own opinion of Dunbar—on whom Mr. Haliburton has written a critical and suggestive paper, called "Our Earlier Burns"—must have led him to think that Crabbe's verdict did not err too much on the side of enthusiasm, for the author of "Waverley" regarded the man who wrote "The Thistle and the Rose" as a poet who deserved to rank with Chaucer. Mr. Haliburton, notably in his sketches of vanished manners and customs in Scotland, expresses himself with conspicuous vigour, and his comments are not merely racy of the soil, but full of shrewd discernment.

Cheap guide-books to the metropolis abound, and strangers are doubtless often embarrassed as to the best method of exercising the purchaser's right of selection. The late Mr. Herbert Fry was no mere gushing enthusiast about "London," but a cultivated and well-informed student of its literary associations and social life. He knew the town almost as Leigh Hunt and Charles Dickens knew it, and to him all the more famous streets, and many obscure ones as well, were rich in historical association, surrounded with the glamour of the past, and alive with anecdote. This constitutes one charm of a book which never pretends to be deep or learned, but is seldom superficial or uninteresting. For anybody who wishes to find his way without perpetual questions from one end of London to another, we know of no other book at a popular price which is at all comparable to this capital volume. The twenty "bird's-eye views of the principal streets" are as practical as they are picturesque, and furnish the visitor with a sort of master-key to the chief thoroughfares and buildings of modern Babylon.

The plan which Mr. Galer has adopted in writing "Norwood and Dulwich: Past and Present" can be easily stated. The book opens with a concise but picturesque description of Norwood, and this, we believe, is the first attempt which has yet been made to relate the history of that pleasant suburb. Attention is next directed to Dulwich, a place around which—altogether apart from its famous college—there linger many interesting associations. The closing pages of the work are devoted to an account of Edward Alleyn, and other local celebrities. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth Norwood possessed an ancient tree, known as the "Vicar's Oak," and at this spot the four parishes of Lambeth, Camberwell, Battersea, and Streatham met. It is only within a comparatively recent period that bricks and mortar have obliterated much that was characteristic in the place. Even as late as the beginning of the present century Norwood could still be described as a "hamlet scattered round an extensive common," and this open space formed a favourite encampment for gypsies. Troops of silly people, throughout the eighteenth century, were accustomed to flock to Norwood Common, where the fortune-tellers flattered their vanity at the expense of their pockets. Lord Byron was a schoolboy in the district, and used to play truant to watch the fun. Beulah Spa was, at one time, a fashionable place of resort, and stage-coaches used to run to it seventy years ago, three times a day from Charing Cross. Now the whole aspect of the place is altered; churches, schools, a free library, and other public institutions are to be found, and villadom reigns supreme. Mr. Galer gives an interesting account of the ancient village of Dulwich, another pretty place which the speculating builder is rapidly doing his best to spoil. The Manor of Dulwich belonged for four centuries to the monks of Bermondsey Priory. At the dissolution of the monasteries, Henry VIII. sold the Manor to a wealthy citizen, and in 1606 Edward Alleyn, a man who was anything but a "poor player," came into possession. In 1613 Alleyn, who had acquired considerable wealth on the stage and in connection with its management, laid the foundation of his "College of God's Gift." Alleyn was a man of great public spirit, and he not only endowed almshouses, but bequeathed a small collection of pictures—the germ of the present Dulwich Gallery. Mr. Galer gives a brief but care-

ful account of the generous actor's charities, and he has woven with this part of his narrative a good deal of attractive and half-forgotten gossip. There is a pleasant literary flavour in the book, and we gain flying glimpses of many celebrated men who were more or less closely associated at one time and another in their lives with the district. Amongst the names which figure in this list are Oliver Goldsmith, Horace Walpole, Dr. Johnson, Daniel Defoe, Thomas Campbell, and John Ruskin. The illustrations—chiefly reproductions of old prints and portraits—are quaint, but many of them are quite devoid of artistic merit.

Naturalists as well as anglers will find Mr. Watson's remarks about "British Sporting Fishes" quite worthy of their attention. The book is written by a man who has mastered the wily tactics of salmon, pike, trout, perch, carp, and bream, and knows how to bait a tempting hook for each and all of them. The "small fry" of lake and river are not forgotten by Mr. Watson, and two of the most interesting chapters in a lively volume are devoted to loach, minnow, stickleback, and other little fish which fall an easy prey to urchins who whip the ponds and brooks with a willow rod, a bit of string, and a crooked pin. Izaak Walton calls the "mighty pike" the tyrant, as the salmon is the king, of the fresh waters. The pike seems to have a special grudge against dainty fish, and Mr. Watson knows at least one good trout stream which this "tyrant" fish has almost depopulated. Sometimes, however, he "catches a tartar in a prickly perch, which, finding itself in the pike's jaws, immediately raises its back fin," a defensive movement which lands the aggressor in a hopeless dilemma. The final chapter of the book is entitled "A King among Anglers," and it gives an amusing and graphic description of "Christopher North" at a time when that worthy kept quite a "fleet of sailing smack" on Windermere. One of Wilson's great resorts was the little mountain inn at Wastdale Head, kept by the Tysons. The old landlord describes "Christopher North" as a "fine, gay, girt-hearted fellow, as strang as a lion, an' as lish as troot, an' he hed sic antics as niver man hed." There were high times at that little inn in those days, when Wilson was at his best.

The Religious Tract Society has at length begun to recognise, in practical directions, the tri-partite nature of man, and this circumstance is apparent in the kind of books it is now producing for young people. The latest example of common sense in this direction which the society has shown is "Home Handicrafts," a popular exposition rather than a technical manual of tile-painting, repoussé brass-work, frame-making, tapestry-painting, fret-work, and various other artistic pursuits, which are not above the reach of boys and girls of average capacity. It would be a boon to the entire community, as well as a life-long advantage to themselves, if any considerable section of the youth of the country acquired a taste for occupations of this sort in preference to mooning over indifferent or questionable fiction. The hints which are given in the book are explicit and practical, and a number of attractive designs add to the useful character of a volume which is likely, we think, to awaken many young minds to a sense of the beautiful.

It is a strange eventful story which Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has to tell about "Theodore of Corsica," an adroit and insinuating adventurer, who began life as a page at Versailles, reached his meridian as King of Corsica, and died as a discredited impostor, a prisoner for debt in London. The lights and shadows of this clever scoundrel's dramatic career, with its quarrels, intrigues, adventures, social successes, and sudden flights, are lightly indicated in a little book in which moralists will find abundant food for reflection, and the rest of the world no lack of amusement. Horace Walpole met the fallen "monarch" in 1749, and duly sneered at "his Majesty" just as he might at one of the "pasteboard Kings of Drury Lane." When Theodore, hopelessly in debt, was lodged in the King's Bench, Walpole was immensely amused at this instance of fallen greatness, and declared that he would send Hogarth to paint the ex-monarch in gaol. Afterwards, pitying the poor wretch's sorry plight, he wrote a sarcastic appeal on his behalf to the wits and men of fashion about town. Theodore de Neuhoff unquestionably "made a noise in the world," and belongs to the class of men amongst whom Count Cagliostro holds a distinguished place. Naturally, however, King Theodore I. of Corsica takes rank in order of precedence before all counts, not excepting the far-famed hero of the Diamond Necklace. We need scarcely say that there was plenty of ability about the Corsican monarch; what he lacked was that useful quality which old-fashioned people term principle.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1890.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

THE ill-luck which the Government has courted by raising the question of compensation to publicans seems to be pursuing them in the House of Commons. Having resolved, in Cabinet Council, held on Saturday, upon energetically pressing through their Bills, they seem to have been unwise enough to tell the *Times* of their heroic mind. That journal accordingly launched on Monday morning a thunderbolt against the Opposition, accusing them of obstruction, and urging Ministers to suppress all resistance by a bold and constant use of the closure. On Monday night the Ministry took the advice, and attempted to go on after midnight with a very important clause of the Budget Bill. The Scotch and Irish members, whom the clause chiefly affected, protested warmly, but the Government persisted. When nearly four hours had been spent in a wrangle, Ministers yielded, because they found that the Chairman of Committee allowed repeated motions for the postponement of the debate to be made.

THE resistance of the Opposition was complained of at the time, and of course next morning in the *Times*, as obstruction. But according to parliamentary usage, it was perfectly legitimate. Having made fair progress with their Bill during the earlier part of the night, the Government had no justification for requiring the jaded House to go on at a time when its proceedings could not be reported. The attempt was foolish, and its failure deserved. The only result was to engender an irritation which prolonged the proceedings of the following day.

THESE four hours brought out in a strong light another fact which close observers have for some time perceived and regretted—MR. GOSCHEN'S inability to lead the House. With great knowledge, great power of argument, considerable quickness, and a love of fighting, he has a sad want of tact and temper. MR. SMITH, incomparably below him in attainments and in oratory, is much his superior in the art of keeping touch with the assembly, putting unpleasant things in the least unpleasant way, knowing when to yield, and how to yield with a good grace. MR. GOSCHEN'S chances of leading the Tory party have been sensibly declining of late. It is a pity, for he is their ablest man.

MEMBERS of Parliament on both sides have been dealing vigorously with the question of compensation to the publicans in their speeches out of doors. MR. RITCHIE, MR. CHAMBERLAIN, and MR. BALFOUR, have been prominent among those who have defended the proposals of the Government; though their defence for the most part consists of an attempt to explain away the true meaning of MR. GOSCHEN'S scheme. On the other hand, SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, in a rattling speech—the force and cogency of which could hardly have been surpassed—has poured a heavy fire into the Government plan at Bermondsey. CANON WILBERFORCE, disgusted at the action of the Church of England Temperance Society in countenancing the Ministerial proposals, has pub-

licly withdrawn from all co-operation with that Society; and MR. T. W. RUSSELL, stung by the condemnation of his recent action on the part of his old teetotal associates, has sought to defend himself in a singularly foolish and inconclusive letter. Whilst the question which MR. GOSCHEN has so recklessly raised is bringing Ministers into a serious difficulty in the House of Commons, it is clearly bringing about a still more serious situation for them in the country.

MR. GLADSTONE'S visit to the Eastern Counties has been a great success, and the speeches which he has delivered have had just as much point and vigour as any we have heard from him for the last half-dozen years. In speaking in the Agricultural Hall at Norwich, on Friday night, he dwelt with emphasis upon the broken pledges of the Government, and their complete failure in Parliamentary management. He showed how their Irish land scheme was proposed in opposition to the almost universal sentiment of the Irish members, and how the scheme for buying up the publicans was a blunder from whatever point of view it might be regarded. The speech was distinctly a fighting one, and breathed forth the confidence which animates the speaker. Everywhere during the political part of his tour MR. GLADSTONE was received with those demonstrations of enthusiasm which no other English statesman seems able to evoke.

EVERY Liberal ought to keep by him an impartial history of the Mitchelstown massacre and its results. MR. GLADSTONE referred to it on Monday as exhibiting the same sort of tendency which we have recently been observing in an intensely aggravated form in Siberia. So MR. BALFOUR, on Wednesday, told the Conservatives of Wanstead Slip that the crowd "commenced operations" by assaulting the police, and the *Times* of course improved the story by turning the "discussion of Irish affairs" into a discussion with the police, carried on with sticks. The fact that the police first provoked the attack, and then not unnaturally lost their heads, is conveniently suppressed. Their misconduct, however, might be forgotten; but it cannot be forgotten that MR. BALFOUR deliberately, and in cool blood, not only prevented their prosecution, but rewarded their services. The true parallel between Ireland and Russia is in the incompetence and disorganisation of the subordinate officials, and in the fact that the Government supports them whether they are right or wrong. Happily, the results are less sickening in Ireland than in Siberia. But we have a higher civilisation and a vigilant public opinion. The spirit of bureaucracy is the same in both countries.

AT the meeting of the London County Council last Tuesday, SIR THOMAS FARRER brought forward his motion (postponed from last week) condemning the licensing proposals of the Government. His speech was concise and very damaging, and the Council resolved, by 64 votes to 49 (the total number of members is 137), to petition Parliament against it. The case for the Bill was practically abandoned, and the opposition to the motion based on the doctrine that the Council had nothing to do with politics. MR. FARDELL,

and those who took this view, ignored the fact that this question concerns the Council not as politicians, but as administrators. As such they are surely entitled to protest against a scheme which assigns them money that cannot be used in practice for the purpose required, and must not be used for anything else. Their decision would have come with more effect last week; but LORD ROSEBURY made an effective defence of his postponement of the question on grounds both of procedure and of policy. Of course the Government will take no notice of the petition. But our concern is not now with the Government, but with the electorate.

THE decision of the County Council gives additional importance to the Vestry elections held throughout London this week. Last year the results indicated that the electors are only waiting for the establishment of District Councils to supply them with substantial Progressist majorities. The elections this year strengthen this conclusion. In Shore-ditch—once a byword for its Vestry—30 Progressists are returned out of a total of 39; in Southwark, 15 out of 19; in Deptford there are 29; in Islington, 21; in Marylebone the Progressist list is returned "solid" in at least two wards, with SIR THOMAS FARRER himself heading the poll in one; while minor successes are recorded in six or seven other constituencies; and the elections as we write are far from complete.

THESE results ought to be of good omen for London, if it is only in the indication they give of the growth of local political life and interest. It is significant, by the way, that the activity is greatest in the poorer districts, and that in the most fashionable ward of St. George's, Hanover Square, the election was conducted by seven persons; while in Kensington the Progressists were defeated. The *Star*—apparently the only paper that publishes proper reports—deserves the best thanks of municipal reformers for its activity in directing attention to the lists, and mentioning Progressist candidates. Till last year it was usually a very difficult matter for an elector to discover when and where elections were held in his own constituency, still more to form any opinion on the merits of the candidates. It is true there was a simple and fairly safe principle for his guidance—"Find out the candidates the Ratepayers' Association has nominated, and vote against them." But the opportunity was generally wanting.

IN theory, the Parliamentary representation of Universities provides for the interests of science and literature—or, at any rate, of educated persons in general—and the members are secured in their independence by their exemption from the cares imposed by an ordinary constituency. In practice, at least in Scotland and Ireland, it provides for Conservative law officers who cannot conveniently be put into Parliament otherwise. That growth of independence among the upper classes of Irish Protestants which has been noticeable of late—which is quite justified from their point of view by the treatment they receive from the Government—has at last resulted in active opposition to the candidature of MR. EDWARD CARSON, Q.C., for the University of Dublin—an opposition which we noticed when it was threatened some months ago by the Protestant Primate of Ireland. A medical candidate is also in the field. Now, whatever MR. CARSON's past merits or future prospects, he stands not as the representative of learning, but as the instrument of an absentee Chief Secretary; and that is not a satisfactory qualification for any member of Parliament—least of all for one who is supposed to possess special independence. How would he have met the wishes of Trinity College about the Catholic University, for instance?

IT is reported from Cairo that the terms of the conversion of the Egyptian Debt have been settled between the Governments of Egypt and France, and apparently in conformity with the vexatious conditions of the latter. The provision that no other conversion shall be made for fifteen years, which France has succeeded in carrying, is very objectionable, for it will operate either to prevent further reductions in the burdens pressing on Egypt, or to enable the French Government to exact conditions as the price of its dispensing with this provision. Yet the present French Government is far less to blame for this petty and discreditable policy than the financiers, and the anti-English feeling which it cannot venture to resist.

THE revelations of his mind which PRINCE BISMARCK vouchsafes to the correspondent of a Russian paper do not greatly increase our respect for his dignity. What stands out most clearly from them is the fact that his Sovereign parted with him simply because he intended to have a substantial share in the control of policy, instead of being a Mikado in the hands of a Tycoon. However, it is also interesting to know—and this may well be thought authentic—that BISMARCK cared nothing for Bulgaria and just as little for the Sultan. The latter, who now buoys himself up with hopes of German protection, may be well assured that Germany will do as little for him now as LORD BEACONSFIELD was able to do for him twelve years ago.

SOME of our contemporaries have adopted the mistaken view that the Newfoundland delegates now in this country have been appointed by the local Ministry and represent the Newfoundland people. They represent them in the same sense as the Skibbereen Habitation of the Primrose League might be said to represent the Irish people. They belong to a party represented by five members in the Legislative Assembly, the Government or Democratic party being represented by twenty-eight members. They are, in fact, the nominees of the truck merchant party, which was routed so hopelessly at the General Election of November last. It is not surprising in these circumstances that their representations are received with comparative coldness at the Colonial Office.

THE defeat of the Copyright Bill in the American House of Representatives has called forth vigorous protests on the part of those American authors and journalists who agree with Englishmen in regarding the event as a blow to the honour of the United States. MR. LOWELL, it need hardly be said, sticks to his guns, and still clings to the hope that "the American people are too honest to continue to legalise what is regarded as illegitimate by every other civilised nation." The full report of the debate is, however, disheartening reading. It is clear that the private publishers achieved their success by a base appeal to the selfishness of the American masses. "Honesty will have to be paid for," was their cry; "if you cease to steal, your books will cost you more than they do at present;" and this argument, which it need hardly be said strikes at the root of all morality, carried the day.

MR. STANLEY will not improve men's opinion of his taste and judgment if he continues to cultivate his present epistolary style. Having brought an entirely erroneous charge against MR. ALFRED PEASE, he couples a rather grudging withdrawal of it with a violent attack on the members generally of the religious body to which MR. PEASE's family has long belonged. This is much as if he had said—"You may not have committed the particular offence I

accused you of; but it was natural to suppose you guilty, for it is just what you Quakers and PEASES are always doing." However, excuses must be made for a man who is correcting the last proof-sheets of a big book.

MR. ARTHUR NEWTON, a solicitor, was sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment by MR. JUSTICE CAVE, on Tuesday, for having conspired to defeat the ends of justice in connection with what are known as the Cleveland Street scandals. This punishment, which will probably entail the cutting short of MR. NEWTON'S professional career, was by no means a heavy penalty for the offence to which he pleaded guilty. Certain wealthy persons were notoriously involved in the hideous scandals connected with the Cleveland Street affair, and NEWTON seems to have made himself their instrument in securing the suppression of important evidence. Perhaps the most unpleasant feature of his trial was the fact that the Attorney-General, who appeared for the Crown, hardly seemed to feel the gravity of the offence to which NEWTON pleaded guilty. At all events, MR. JUSTICE CAVE felt called upon to utter his protest against a doctrine which seemed to find favour in the eyes of the Attorney-General.

IN connection with this painful business, it seems time to ask whether the Home Secretary means to leave MR. PARKE, the journalist who was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for an article on the Cleveland Street scandals, to serve the remainder of his term. It has been well pointed out that MR. PARKE, whose only offence was an act of indiscretion, has been punished more heavily than any other person in connection with the case, although among the people put upon their trial have been two of the actual criminals and a solicitor who entered into a deliberate conspiracy to defeat justice. We do not know on what pretext this barbarous inequality of punishment can be maintained. The sentence was a discreditable and revolting one when it was pronounced; it seems far more discreditable and revolting in the light of subsequent events, and we trust that some member of Parliament of position will take an early opportunity of pressing MR. PARKE'S claim upon the Home Secretary.

WE have had a celebration of the Jubilee of the Postage Stamp during the week, and it has attained special interest in the eyes of philatelists owing to the fact that a limited number of special Jubilee post-cards were printed in commemoration of the event. These cards are already at a high premium, and will probably in future years be the objects of keen competition on the part of collectors when they are put up in the auction-rooms. It is a curious coincidence that the very week which has witnessed this jubilee celebration has also seen an attempt in the House of Commons to secure a revival of the old system of "franking" by members of Parliament. Needless to say the attempt met with no favour either from the House or the Government.

EXECUTION by electricity bids fair to do away with capital punishment altogether in the United States. The execution of KEMMLER, the first subject of the new process in New York State, is deferred until the legal question has been settled whether the punishment is cruel and unusual, and as such prohibited by the Federal Constitution. Meanwhile (according to the *Nation*) the State Legislature has hastily passed a Bill abolishing the punishment of death. Both these steps are said to be due to the influence of a certain electric light company, which fears that its business may be injured if people are familiarised with the idea of death by electricity. It might have been supposed, from the alarming

reports that now and then arrive from across the Atlantic, that the American public is quite familiar both with the idea and the fact.

AT last it has occurred to the authorities of a London morning paper, that as at least one hundred and fifty millions of British capital are invested in the Argentine Republic, the owners should not be left entirely dependent for their information on financial journalism. Accordingly the *Times* of Thursday publishes a long and important letter from its Buenos Ayres correspondent, dealing mainly with the financial situation in the Republic, and indicating reasons for confidence in the ability of the new Minister of Finance, SEÑOR URIBURU, to extricate the country from its immediate difficulties. As to the remoter future there is no doubt; and even this year the country is more prosperous than ever before. Politically, the financial mismanagement of the late Cabinet seems to have brought the State within measurable distance of a revolution. But it is hoped that this danger is definitely averted. The inquiring sociologist, however, is tempted to look forward to a remoter future still, and to wonder what will happen when the extraordinary and unprecedentedly heterogeneous mass of immigrants really begins to fill up the country, and whether the Republic will then verify the opinions of American Protectionist writers on economics as to the social dangers involved in the exclusive devotion of a new country to agriculture.

THE rates of interest and discount have been declining all through the week. Short loans have been made for a week at 1 per cent. per annum, and the rate of discount is as low as 1½ per cent. The demand for coin for the internal circulation is less than had been anticipated. And for the moment, therefore, the supply of loanable capital in the market is excessive. Yet the directors of the Bank of England have kept their rate at 3 per cent., for the demand for gold for the Continent is very strong, practically all of the metal received during the week having been exported, and the French demand is likely to increase when the funding loan is brought out. There may possibly also be a demand for New York, and it is considered certain that a large amount will be sent to Buenos Ayres. Therefore, to protect their reserve, the directors of the Bank of England are unwilling to do anything that might lessen the value of money.

THE Stock Exchange is closed from last evening until Tuesday morning, and therefore throughout the week speculators have been lessening the accounts they had open for the rise; yet the Stock Markets are exceedingly firm. American railroad shares have given way but little, for the great operators in New York are steadily supporting the market. Everyone believes that a Silver Bill will be passed, and will lead to an inflation of prices. And, besides, it is usually found that when speculation springs up for any reason, it continues for a considerable time. Home railway stocks have been largely bought, in the belief that the Parliamentary Committee to which the matter has been referred will report in favour of authorising the railway companies to convert their ordinary stocks into preferred and deferred stocks. And the market for International Securities has been very active, owing to the various conversions and new loans that are in preparation. The Egyptian and French Governments have at length arranged a plan for the conversion of the Egyptian debt. A syndicate, headed by MESSRS. ROTHSCHILD, is negotiating for an advance of four or five millions sterling to the Spanish Government, and a great Anglo-German syndicate is about to attempt to rehabilitate Italian credit. General trade continues fairly good, though it has not quite recovered from the check received during the autumn and winter. The price of iron has again fallen; but, on the other hand, the demand for copper is exceedingly strong, and the price is rising.

"OBSTRUCTING" THE COMPENSATION SCHEME.

THE country has been treated during the past week to a loud renewal of that cry of Obstruction by means of which it is sought to damage the Opposition in the eyes of the electors. To anything in the nature of factious obstruction in Parliament we trust that Englishmen will always be resolutely opposed. But before we listen to those who are now making such bitter complaint of the action of the minority in the House of Commons, it is well that we should at least ascertain the facts. What are these facts in the present case? The House of Commons is now having forced upon it a policy which, beyond all question, if it should be adopted, will commit the Government and the country to the principle of compensation for dispossessed publicans. No more unpopular principle could well be brought before the Legislature. It is a principle which the present Parliament has already refused to accept, and which is denounced even by many of the men who are at this moment assisting the Government to carry their compensation scheme. If it should once receive Parliamentary recognition, an almost fatal bar to any real reform of that drink traffic which is the curse of England will have been established, and the big brewers will have become masters of the situation. It is almost as though Parliament were asked to re-establish by a side-wind the evil system of purchase in the army, which was got rid of with so much difficulty some twenty years ago. Indeed, the chief objection to this comparison is that the mischief which must be done if the principle of compensation should once receive legislative sanction is immeasurably more serious than any which could accrue from the re-establishment of purchase. There is the simple fact, however, that a most dangerous and evil step is about to be taken by the House of Commons, in regard to a matter upon which it is at least certain that the present Parliament has never received any mandate from the nation.

It seems to us that if ever an Opposition were justified in insisting upon the fullest discussion of a proposal in all its details it is justified now. To call the attempt of the Liberal party to secure such a discussion of the fatal proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer "obstruction" is simply an abuse of the English language. The opponents of the Government would fail signally in their duty if they did not take every possible step to ensure due deliberation and consideration before the country is committed to a measure the magnitude and far-reaching consequences of which can hardly be exaggerated. "But," say the supporters of Mr. Goschen in his ill-advised scheme, "it is not due deliberation for which the Opposition are anxious: they are simply trying to kill the proposal." It may be so; but even in that case, will any reasonable person pretend that the Opposition are exceeding their duty in taking this course? If they believe—as most assuredly a majority of them do believe—that these proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer are not only detested by the majority of the people of this country, but are in the highest degree injurious to the best interests of the nation, what sin do they commit in seeking, by all lawful means, to prevent their acceptance by Parliament? It is a new and a strange doctrine which assigns to the minority in the English House of Commons the duty of passive obedience to the decrees of a majority, no matter how serious or how mischievous these decrees may be. It is most assuredly a doctrine which would have found no favour either with Lord Salisbury or Mr. Balfour half-a-dozen years ago. The country, so far from condemning the Liberal party because it has done and will continue to do its best to defeat the plans of Mr. Goschen, would bitterly resent its failure to take this course.

But what, after all, is the final and conclusive answer to the charge of obstruction in connection with the events of the

past week? It is to be found in certain incidents which may be stated briefly and categorically. The first was the insolent demand in the Ministerial newspapers for the application of the closure relentlessly and constantly, to prevent any discussion whatever of the Government proposals. Ministers were to state their schemes, and forthwith they were to be voted upon without consideration, without discussion, without even the most formal acknowledgment of the rights of the House of Commons as a free deliberative assembly. The second was the attempt of Ministers to carry out this delightful programme, and their complete defeat, not by the efforts of the Opposition, but by the action of the Speaker and Mr. Courtney. Neither of these high officials can be accused of showing undue tenderness to the Opposition; yet both by their conduct condemned the Ministry and absolved the Liberal party. Finally we must point to Lord Hartington's attempt to rebuke Mr. Courtney for allowing what the Liberal Unionist leader was pleased to describe as "dilatatory motions." If any Irish member had used the words which fell from Lord Hartington's lips, he would have been assailed by the whole Ministerial pack for his want of respect for the Chair. Being Lord Hartington, a privileged person, and a pillar of the "Paper Union," he has, however, been allowed to escape scot free. In these incidents the Opposition are entitled to see the amplest justification of the course they have adopted in their attempt to defeat the pernicious proposals of Mr. Goschen, and they can await with confidence the judgment of the nation between them and their accusers.

A VERY BLACK OUTLOOK.

THE famous prosperity Budget, by the singular blindness of Ministers, has been suddenly changed into an adversity Budget. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, who six weeks ago was on the top of the tide, is to-day eating the bread and drinking the water of affliction. Instead of enjoying his surplus in complacency, he went out of his way to do a good turn to the liquor interest, and the first result has been at once to multiply a hundredfold all the previous difficulties and embarrassments in the way of public business. The last result of this unlucky move for buying out brewers on their own terms, will not be seen until the General Election, when, if we are not much deceived, Compensation will prove an even longer nail than Coercion in the Ministerial coffin. Meanwhile, the debates during the present week have shed much light on the prospect of affairs for the remaining half of the session, and an uncommonly alarming light it is.

The congestion of important measures to be dealt with after the short Whitsuntide recess is believed to be without a parallel in the annals of the House of Commons; and the instrument by which Ministers hardly expected to force their way through the tangle which they have themselves made, has now broken in their hands. By far the most significant event in the heated proceedings of the early part of the week is the demonstration that the Government are not to have at their disposal unlimited resort to the closure. Neither Speaker nor Chairman is to be counted on as an accessory in these designs, as foolish as mischievous, which some of their friends in the press importunately pressed upon Ministers. The *Times*, once the most sagacious as well as the best-informed journal in the world, in a more than usually violent access of that rabies by which it has been so unhappily infected for the last three or four years, insisted that the Opposition should be relentlessly knocked on the head by closure, ten times in a night if necessary. Within four-and-twenty hours, the closure had been firmly refused both by Speaker and Chairman, not only to the impatience of obscure occupants of the Tory benches, but to the Leader of the House himself. More than

that, Mr. Courtney, though fully sensible of the difficulties of the position, markedly declined to use his ample powers for the suppression of what are called dilatory motions. On Monday night, if there had been obstruction, he was perfectly free to do either of two things. He could either have put the dilatory motions without debate, or he could have refused to put them altogether. The fact that he used neither the stronger nor the less strong of these powers, is proof enough, as Lord Hartington perceived at the time, that the charge of obstruction cannot be seriously maintained, and that the Chairman is not to be a mere mechanical implement for extricating Ministers from the scrape in which their want of foresight, and a businesslike recognition of the limits of parliamentary activity have so fatally involved them. But all this, satisfactory as it is from a constitutional point of view, opens a rather alarming prospect.

Let us see in very brief detail how the prospect stands. What is the work to be done, and what, on a rough estimate, is the time which it may reasonably be expected to consume? There are three measures, as Mr. Gladstone pointed out at Norwich, all of a high order of importance, and abounding in matter of controversy, none of which has yet reached the committee stage; and all of which are sure to be the subject in committees of sharp contention. The Tithe Bill affects two great orders, the landowners and the clergy, to say nothing of the farmers and the Nonconformists. The Compensation Bill draws us into the very centre of the most ardent movement of the day, and provokes the most desperate efforts alike in resistance and assault. The Bill for Irish Land Purchase is a measure for reconstructing the agrarian system in the most distracted of agrarian conditions—a measure, besides, putting an end to the cottier system and to over-population in a region where the prejudices of the inhabitants are most stubborn, and where the clergy and the politicians alike are most hostile to the Ministerial experiment as tried by Ministerial hands. We must not forget, moreover, the repeated admission on the part of the Government during the debates on the second reading both of the Tithe Bill and of the Land Purchase Bill, that the points of difference were undoubtedly important, and worthy of complete discussion, but that they were emphatically Committee points, to be dealt with in the clauses as they came up. Yet the Government pretend to hope that the details of these three schemes—differing, no doubt, in the degrees of their complexity and importance, but still all complex and all important—can be satisfactorily discussed and settled within the compass of a fair session, say between the beginning of June and the end of August, and all the other outstanding business disposed of into the bargain.

To condescend to particulars, can anybody believe that the Local Taxation Bill, more commonly known and endeared to the public as the Compensation Bill, will take less than a fortnight of parliamentary time? Lord Randolph Churchill has put down one single amendment which fills several pages of the notice paper, and will take many hours of discussion. A fortnight for this thorny business is an under-estimate. Can the Tithe Bill, again, go through in less than a week, and is it quite inconceivable that it might take twice as much? The Land Purchase Bill is in fact three Bills—one for purchase, another for the congested districts, and a third for the reconstruction of an administrative department. It contains financial provisions which not only invite, but imperatively demand the closest scrutiny. Old hands, with much practice in great Bills, are of opinion that from five-and-thirty to forty sittings will not be at all too many for a measure of such enormous scope. The Irish Land Bill of 1886 was thirty-seven days in committee, and took three days for consideration on report.

But forty days mean eight weeks of parliamentary time. These three Bills alone, therefore, if this computation be not excessive, and taking the lower of our two estimates for the Tithe Bill, will bring the unhappy House of Commons to some date after the middle of August. But that is not all.

About one half of the votes in supply still remain to be taken. Some authorities would put them down at twenty days, but if we make allowance for the greater speed at which estimates are passed as the end draws nearer, perhaps we may reckon them at half that figure—in other words, as good for a fortnight at the very least. The Indian Councils Bill, as we pointed out last week, is a measure that goes to the very root of our whole system of government in India, and raises questions of vital moment. It is true that no very great number of men in Parliament can have much to say that is of real weight on the subject, but to hurry or scamp such a Bill would be the abdication by the House of Commons of its part in controlling and shaping Indian policy at what may well prove to be a most critical moment in the development of that policy. Then the Western Australia Constitution Bill, though it has been examined and amended by a Select Committee, and though in the most contentious portion of it the Government on the one hand and the Opposition leaders on the other take the same view, yet will certainly occupy one day. The Education Code will certainly take one sitting, and if Parliament really did justice to its business, might well take two or three. The Allotments Bill still needs at least one day's hard work, and that also ought to have at least two. Besides all this, we can hardly allow less than a week for such measures as the Public Trustees Bill, Employers' Liability, and what we may call the general business of the session. The upshot of the short and imperfect summary is the terrible conclusion that if the Government persist in all their projects, members of Parliament may think themselves very lucky if they escape by the third week in September.

We have no desire to over-labour the charge against the Government of being bad men of business. They are certainly not shining as good men of business, and they have made, as everybody sees, one incredibly bad blunder. But the root of the mischief lies much deeper than either the imputed bungling of Ministers or the imputed obstruction of Opposition. It is the old story. The House of Commons is tremendously overloaded. What its Leader let slip the other day by way of irony is the plain truth: if the House is to do all that the exigencies of national business demand, "we should need more parliaments than one."

SOCIALISM AMONG THE PEERS.

"THESE," says the Prime Minister, "are days of words," and though Socialism is not a word which intimidates Lord Salisbury, it is sad to see what havoc it has made of poor Lord Wemyss. There is something plaintive in the philippic which he discharged last Monday in the House of Lords against the heresies of modern politicians. If we are to believe Lord Wemyss, the House of Commons is rushing into Socialism. Some innovators would admit "the public generally" to roam over Scotch moors. Other immoral men propose that leaseholders should have the right to buy their freeholds. Another group of fanatics ignores the accumulated experience of mankind that "nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand Englishmen prefer beer to water." Liberal statesmen combine to insult established economics. Representative bodies like Trades Unions and the London County Council, "sacerdotal" socialists like Cardinal Manning and Mr. Stewart Headlam, Berlin diplomatists, capitalist poets, all conspire to introduce a system which means "the confiscation of property for the benefit of the politician."

But Lord Wemyss, like Cassandra, chaunted his warnings to deaf ears. Even Lord Cowper and Lord Salisbury deserted him. The Prime Minister spoke cheerily and in his better style. He defined Socialism, indeed, as a means of "spending public money on a useless object." He announced himself as prepared for "a certain amount of legislative goose-step;"

but in his closing words he touched the right chord. The reason why in Continental kingdoms Socialists have become a political force, and why in England there are some who, discarding party allegiance, elect to bear that name, lies in the existence of "great evils," and in the fact that those great evils remain unredressed. Lord Wemyss may sigh after the ideal of "merry old England," but it is the wide discrepancy between that ideal and the realities about them which has called Socialists into being. We live in an age when the majority of men are bent on doing good. Of course most of them deny it, for no one but a prig or a politician would both do good and admit it. But, disguise it as we may, in every field of effort—in the press, in politics, in public, and in private—it is this desire which lies at the root of action. We are not sure that it is a fact to be thankful for. Kind hearts are sometimes worse than coronets, and enthusiasm for humanity may do more mischief than Lord Wemyss. But, whatever the results may be, the desire to do good is in our day universal; and it is the employment of this force to combat social ills which forms the problem of our time. The philosophic Radicals of the last generation led us in one direction. This tendency—which is the motive power of Socialism—leads us in another. The first policy is admitted to have partly failed. We have now resolved to try the opposite course. "It is impossible," said Lord Cowper, amid the cheers of his companions, "to lay down the rule that the State should not interfere." Whether or not the State should intervene is in each case a question of convenience; and Liberals are rapidly approaching the conclusion that it is a question of decentralisation too. To a large extent, Socialism and Local Government go hand in hand. The more we narrow the unit of local public action, the further we carry into detail the principle of combination for public ends, the further we shall be led into the path of Socialism, and the more fearlessly we shall commit to the community the settlement of matters in which the whole community is concerned. A village senate may make Socialist experiments which an Imperial Parliament could not undertake. The object of legislation should be to stimulate in every class the principle of united public action, and so to subdivide administrative areas as to enable that action to be applied to interests which now seem to us too minute for legislation. That is the meaning of citizenship. We are inclined to think it should be also its ideal.

Lord Wemyss called the attention of the House to the language of certain Socialist speakers, and the Lords laughed to hear that there were "thousands ready to cut off Lord Salisbury's head." Those phrases do not matter much; but there was some truth behind Lord Wemyss' point. It is the tone sometimes adopted by Socialists which is their enemy and ours. We readily admit that political parties have neglected social legislation, and we welcome those who will help to put this right. But the Socialist error lies in assuming that because politicians care for other objects too, therefore they do not care for social reform. However wretched a man's home may be, however clear his duty to repair it, he ought to have aims beyond. And if a man's views are lifted by having thoughts above his household, so too are a nation's. We ask the Socialists, then, to recast their judgment. We ask them to reflect whether men whose years have been spent in public service, may not, even though they sit on a Front Bench, have thought out some of these social problems, and have accumulated wisdom on the subject which deserves respect. We ask them to credit our motives, as we credit theirs; to believe that we care as earnestly as they do that the burdens of poverty and labour should be lightened; and not to insist on teaching the world alone, but to join us in serving it. And if we, some of us, reject specifics, and fear that short cuts to national happiness are apt to lead the traveller astray, that is no reason for hostility between us, but rather for additional efforts on both sides to accomplish those aims first, at any rate, on which we can agree.

THE WESTERN AUSTRALIA BILL.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA is by no means the most important place in the universe, nor is it even the most important of the questions connected with the regulation of new territory, which at present engage so much attention. But the Bill for giving responsible government to Western Australia does, for all that, raise one or two questions of real importance and interest. Is a little covey of the spread-eagles of the English press to beat down the opinions and wishes of what is on this matter a practically united Australia? Is mere tall talk about "the heritage of British democracy," and the like, to frighten Government and Parliamentary leaders out of their deliberate convictions of what is good for the commonwealth? Again, everybody agrees that one of the best ways of recovering the efficiency of the House of Commons is to distribute its business among Committees, grand and otherwise. The West Australia Bill has been referred to a Committee of nineteen members—exceptionally strong, thoroughly representative, and exceptionally assiduous. They heard the evidence, and made their report. The moment it was known that they had decided in a way unpalatable to the people whose windy talk had intimidated the Government, the same people, before they could have read one syllable of the evidence, forthwith denounced the unanimous conclusions of the Committee as "ridiculous" and "astounding," and insisted that the House should throw both Committee and conclusions over. From this point of view, then, the fate of the West Australia Bill is interesting, because if the House of Commons overhauls the unanimous finding of a Committee of exceptional strength, then we may say good-bye to this form of Parliamentary relief.

The Blue Book is now published; it is not very formidable in size, and anybody who likes may, with very little trouble, master the points in issue. They are, in fact, only two, and we will mention the less important of them first. Clause 8 enacted that any Act of the new legislature which imposed or authorised restrictions on the immigration of any class of British subjects should be reserved for consideration in Downing Street. In other words, the West Australians should not meddle with the free immigration of European subjects of the Queen, or of Chinese from Hongkong or Singapore, who are also British subjects, without express assent from home. What is the harm of such a reservation? Nothing very alarming perhaps, but two considerations against it came out in the evidence, and may be assumed to have influenced the majority of the Committee to exclude Clause 8 from the Bill. The first is that by expressly reserving for consideration at home a certain kind of legislation supposed to be objectionable, you imply that no other kind of legislation, however obnoxious or objectionable, ought to be reserved. The omission of the clause would leave the Governor perfectly free to reserve an Immigration Bill if he thought fit, as he can reserve any other Bill; but if the reservation of an Immigration Bill be explicitly provided for, there will be an undoubted implication against reserving other Bills. The second objection to the clause is that it will tend to make the Government at home peculiarly responsible for any anti-Chinese laws which the West Australians may take it into their heads to pass, and this peculiar responsibility in the Secretary of State will certainly not make our relations any easier with the Chinese Government, which has before now shown how keen are its susceptibilities on this head. The result of the clause would be to place the British Government in an awkward fix, for they would get into a quarrel with the Colonists if they vetoed an anti-Chinese Bill, and into a quarrel with China if they did not.

The Committee, therefore, struck out this clause by nine votes to seven; the Government, however, have announced that they will move its restoration—not because they think it either needed or likely to be useful, but as a sop to ignorant and unconsidered opinion outside.

The more important question in dispute turns on the surrender of the whole of its lands to the new Government. Is it not monstrous, people asked, to hand over a million square miles to a little handful of people occupying nine thousand square miles? Why not reserve it as a home for our own surplus population, now and in times to come? So Clause 4 was inserted, by which, in an area of about 600,000 out of the million square miles, the Secretary of State at home should make the regulations as to the disposal and occupation of lands. Why not? The answers to be found in the Blue Book are these:—(1) Because the Western Australians themselves only accept the exclusion of the northern area under protest, and they will certainly evade it whenever they like; (2) because all the other Australian Colonies sympathise with them in their objection; (3) because this area is the land least fit, or not at all fit, for settlement by Europeans, and because the only land, if any, that is worth quarrelling about is not reserved, but is to go wholly to the new legislature; (4) because it is practically impossible to reserve to the Secretary of State at home the power of making land regulations in an area over which the Colonial Government on the spot is to possess all other Administrative powers outside of land regulations; (5) because the Secretary of State can only make land regulations on the advice of the Governor, and if the Governor gives advice as to land regulations in the reserved area which is disapproved by his Ministers on the spot, he will get into a quarrel with them: in other words, the reservation of the northern lands will either be a dead letter, or else it will produce incessant friction between the Governor and the people who pay him his salary, with whom he has every day to transact business, and a good understanding with whom is a constitutional, no less than a personal, necessity of the position. No evidence on all this can be better than that of Sir William Robinson, a very able man, who knows Australia thoroughly, who has been Governor of Western Australia before, and who is to be the first Governor on the responsible system. What does he say of clause four? He gave it as his opinion "that it would be better even in the interests of the Imperial Government not to make such a reservation. If the northern part of the colony were fit for agricultural settlement, a different question might arise. But I think it is an indisputable fact that north of the line referred to the country is not fit for agricultural settlement. It is a valuable adjunct to the southern part of the colony as a field for the investment of capital, in pastoral occupations particularly, and we know that there are valuable mineral deposits at the extreme north; but as a field for agricultural settlement, it is, to my mind, out of the question. That being so, I cannot see why the Imperial Government should involve itself in possible difficulties and responsibilities, which they would certainly have to undertake in attempting to administer the land regulations of that part of the colony from England."

Every other witness spoke in the same sense. The retiring Governor, who can have no particular interest in making himself pleasant to people with whom his dealings are at an end, said just what the future Governor said. The evidence of practical, experienced, and responsible men is not to be pushed aside by general platitudes about the heritage of British democracy. It was a great pity that Lord Knutsford ever yielded to clamour of this sort, so far as to insert the 4th clause, and it is a blessing for future colonial secretaries, as well as for everybody else concerned, whether colonists or possible emigrants, that he acquiesces—very cheerfully, we have no doubt—in the unanimous decision of the Committee that it ought to be struck out.

If control over the 600,000 square miles of land that is too hot and too dry for European settlement would be a mere white elephant to us, it is satisfactory that Parliament and the country should have brought before them, what Australians themselves knew well enough, that the old policy of alienating land in huge blocks has now been finally

abandoned. There was a reason, if not a justification for it at the time. As Sir W. Robinson said, it was impossible to start the colonies without making those blocks, for pastoral settlement was the only occupation that was ever thought of in the early days. Men brought out their capital from England, and took up large sections of country and made themselves the pioneers of settlement in Australia. "Without those large grants it may be said Australia would never have arrived at the position she now occupies." But the time for this policy is now felt to have definitely passed away. "Wisdom has been gained by experience, and the whole tendency of the land legislation of self-governing colonies has now set strongly in the opposite direction. The policy of all the eastern colonies is to alienate as little land as they possibly can, and where possible to resume it from the large original landholder, and to keep it exclusively for the use and occupation of the industrial population."

It may be that in some respects it might have been more satisfactory if the northern lands could have been made into a Crown colony. Certainly a Crown colony would be easier to manage than to work land regulations from Downing Street. But a Crown colony is practically impossible, for this reason among several others, that sentiment in Australia is rapidly growing for the union of the various divisions of the Continent into a federal dominion, and it is felt to be extremely difficult for Constitutional colonies and Crown colonies to federate. In the interests of federation, it is almost an indispensable preliminary that the Governments entering into it should stand on the same constitutional basis. We may safely trust the collective opinion of Australia. The present land regulations made under Representative Government in Western Australia itself (for it is not a Crown colony, as some writers seem to suppose, but in the middle stage short of Responsible Government) show no unsoundness or unwisdom in public opinion there. One thing is certain, and this is that we shall be as foolish as George III. or Lord North if we attempt to force either land regulation or anything else against the public opinion of a community which, at the very moment and by the very act, we are declaring ripe for self-government.

PIRATES IN CONGRESS.

THOSE Englishmen who are interested in the subject can now enjoy the opportunity of learning the reasons which weighed with the American House of Representatives when three weeks ago it rejected the proposed International Copyright Bill by a vote which we have already described as dishonest and disgraceful, and to which we cannot on fuller consideration apply any other words. Our plain speaking regarding the action of the House of Representatives seems to have startled some of our English readers, who are accustomed to see the Press of this country serenely indifferent to the interests of English men of letters, and beatifically resigned under an injustice which, as it happens, does not affect the ordinary editor or journalist. But the neglect of the great London journals to espouse the cause of English authors only makes it the more necessary that those who do take part in this controversy should speak out with courage and plainness, on behalf of a class of men who are now grievously wronged by the deliberate dishonesty of the American nation. It is not fair to the Americans themselves that they should be left under the delusion that the silence or the vapid and half-hearted argumentation of the daily press of this country represents English sentiment on the Copyright Question. As a matter of fact there is no question upon which the literary world of London feels more deeply or speaks more strongly. When Mr. Morley, at the recent dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, made fitting reference to the action of the House of Representatives, he touched a

chord deeper than that which had been reached by any previous speaker, as the burst of cheering with which his words were greeted testified. The American people must not be left under any mistake as to the real sentiment of England on this question. However greatly we may regret it, the fact remains that in the opinion of Englishmen the Americans as a whole are dishonoured by their public condonation of a system which is simply one of theft.

What are the reasons which guided the majority in their refusal to take any steps to put an end to the system of wholesale piracy which is now carried on by the American publishers? We are told that, in all probability, the Bill was rejected not because it sought to establish the right of the English author to the fruits of his own labours, but because it was encumbered with provisions of an objectionable kind. It is quite true that there were objectionable provisions in the Bill. But why were they introduced? Simply because if they had not been there the Bill itself would never have been looked at by the House of Representatives. It is somewhat hard that these concessions which the friends of copyright were compelled to make in order to conciliate powerful vested interests should now be alleged as a reason why the Bill failed. If they had not been in the Bill its failure would have been still more signal. We must do the majority of the American House of Representatives justice, however. They have the courage of their opinions, and are by no means disposed to shelter themselves, when taking a dishonest course, behind the plea which has been suggested on their behalf in this country. Their right to steal is what they proclaim not only by their votes but by their speeches, as one or two extracts will suffice to prove. "Congress," said Mr. Hopkins, of Illinois, "could not afford to tax every American reader for the benefit of the foreign author. Foreign authors were paid enough in their own country without invading American soil and taxing the American reader." So Mr. Hopkins, of Illinois, regards an honest payment for the goods which he is anxious to appropriate for his own use as a tax which his dignity as a free American citizen forbids him to pay. Mr. Mills, of Texas, is another gentleman whose ideas of morality are on a par with those of Jack Cade or Jonathan Wild. He "claimed that after an author had given his idea to the public he had no right over it. It became public property. To give copyright to foreign authors was to increase the price of the author's books, to arrest the wheels of civilisation, to stop the education of the masses, and to turn back on the path of progress." We do not care to dwell upon the edifying spectacle which this gentleman presents when he mixes up his defence of stealing with talk about "the wheels of civilisation." It is a curious kind of civilisation which has produced so odd a creature as Mr. Mills of Texas.

The most remarkable opponent to the Bill seems to have been a lawyer named Payson, who represents Illinois. If Mr. Payson knows no more of American law than he does of English, we fear he lays himself open to a conviction for obtaining money under false pretences whenever he takes a fee from a client, for a series of more ludicrous misstatements than those which he palmed off upon the House regarding the English law on the question of copyright we never met with. But it is not with Mr. Payson as a bad lawyer, but with Mr. Payson as an avowed thief who steals "on principle," that we are here concerned. Mr. Payson is, it appears, bitterly outraged because Mr. Bryce was fortunate enough to keep his copyright in his work on the American Commonwealth, and was thereby enabled to obtain a higher price for it than if Mr. Payson and his friends had been at liberty to steal it. This in the eyes of the inimitable Payson is only proof of the "avarice" of Mr. Bryce. Indeed, this worthy not only insists upon his right to steal the works of English authors, but is virtuously indignant at their presumption in venturing to complain of his doing so, and considers that they are

fraudulent scoundrels when they do succeed, even under the present system of wholesale piracy, in protecting their own property. Mr. Payson, it is clear, ought to have lived in the days of Rob Roy. He would undoubtedly have been hanged in the end; but up to the moment when that fate befel him he would have enjoyed all the delights of congenial society, and would not have been subjected to any painful misunderstandings such as must afflict him now.

We need hardly say there is not an argument used to defend the stealing of English books which might not be applied to the stealing of English spoons. There would be no greater offence on the part of "Mr. Mills, of Texas," if, on being admitted to the house of some English gentleman, he were to make free with the contents of the butler's pantry, than that of which he is by his own admission guilty already. As for the plea that this system of wholesale stealing must be carried on in the interests of the people of America who want cheap books, it is simply the old plea with which the Indian who once roamed over the territory which now sends Mr. Mills to the House of Representatives salved his conscience when he set forth on a raid having for its object the capture of the cattle, the wives and the daughters of his white neighbours. And upon the whole the Indian was a less contemptible fellow than his successor the present representative of Texas at Washington.

We have thought it well to give our readers an opportunity of judging of the arguments which induced the majority of 126 members, on the 2nd of May last, to reject a Bill which proposed that—in accordance with the custom now prevalent among all other civilised nations—the English author whose work was appropriated by an American publisher should receive some reward for the fruit of his toil. The one defence offered for that scandalous proceeding was an assertion of the special right of every American citizen to thieve. As we have already said, there are many Americans who feel as strongly as Englishmen do upon this question. But they are in a minority both at Washington and throughout the country. That being the case, they cannot complain if those Englishmen who are impoverished by the crimes of the pirate publishers of New York use plain language on the subject of the formal participation of the American nation as a whole in this disgraceful system of organised robbery. Our hope, though it be only hoping against hope, is that the House of Representatives will even now avail itself of the plan devised by the Committee on Patents, in order to get rid of the disgraceful stigma under which it must otherwise rest.

THE SWEATING REPORT.

II.

ONE of the greatest factors in producing a helpless population is the deteriorating influence of a city life. Insanitary surroundings, overcrowding, and the whirl and stress of a town existence, are not favourable to the growth of a strong, alert, and capable population. A layer of the more helpless and thriftless is continually being deposited at the bottom of the scale. It is not the influx from the country which produces this state of things—at all events, directly—it is rather due to the same causes which so often give the country immigrant the pick of employments over the head of the native Londoner. Thus is formed the material on which the sweater works, whether he take the form of the small master, or the contractor, as in the case of dock labour before the great strike.

Every great town has this stratum of helpless population, and almost every large town therefore has its sweated industries. In Glasgow, Liverpool, Sheffield, Manchester, Leeds, and elsewhere, we trace the same symptoms of economic disease. Sometimes we find it in quarters where we should hardly have expected it, where the formation of a helpless

population is due to special and local causes. Such is the now famous district of Cradley Heath, with its nailmakers reduced to abject misery by the gradual but persistent encroachments of machinery, and the chain-makers, whose labour market is flooded by competitors from the slowly dying nail-trade.

In all these cases the main symptoms are alike—a helpless class of workers competing with the weapons of long hours and short pay against the more efficient production of the large factory, either in England or abroad. In all cases it is largely the irregularity of habits among the workers—often engendered by the same causes that have reduced them to their present condition—that bars the way of the natural remedy of substituting for the present unhealthy conditions of work the regulated production of the factory. In all cases, therefore, it is to such a change in habit—whether effected by gradual education, trade combination, or compulsory legislation—as will drive home-work into workshops, and workshop industry into factories, that our chief hope of amendment lies. There is not much in the Lords' recommendation of co-operative societies as a partial cure—the suggestion still bears traces of the old idea that sweating is chiefly caused by the shearing-off of a large slice of the product by a useless middleman. There is much more in their praise of "well-considered combination," for combination may do much, as the recent bootmakers' strike has shown, to force back trade into factories and workshops. But home-work stands in the way of combination, and here little can be done, except in special trades, without State interference.

The Report concludes with a few suggestions as to the form which such interference should take. They mostly take the form of amendments of the Factory and Workshops Acts. The Committee suggest the assimilation of the law relating to workshops and factories for sanitary purposes, the increase of the staff of inspectors, and the appointment of the sanitary inspector by the County Council instead of the vestry. They would bring home-work under supervision, by enabling the inspector to enter any work-place, even a dwelling-house, where work is carried on for profit, without a warrant; and by requiring, as in Victoria, that a list of names and addresses of home-workers employed by any occupier of a workshop should be kept by him for the use of the inspector. A further change of importance is the proposed registration of owners (not occupiers) of workshops. There is often great difficulty now in hunting down small employers, who can easily flit as soon as discovered; and any proposal for the registration of occupiers would be certain to be evaded. But the owner cannot escape so easily, and it might be well (though this is not proposed by the Committee) to throw on him the responsibility in the eyes of the law for proper sanitary conditions in the workplaces which are his property. For the rest, the Committee recommend the prohibition of the use of the "oliver," or heavy sledge-hammer, by women; the abolition of sweating (so far as possible) in Government contracts; the better enforcement of the Truck Acts; and the spread of technical education. They approve of the efforts of town councils to secure the payment of fair wages for work executed for them, and express the hope that the Government "viewers" will henceforth be more carefully chosen.

Such is the long-looked-for Report. It might be a good deal better, and it might be a good deal worse. It will lead, we suppose, to some minor but useful changes in the law, and, for a time at least, it may cause the law to be better enforced. How far the regulation of hitherto unregulated industries will give a new impetus to the tendency of trade to leave London for the provinces it is hard to say. Hitherto the very prevalence of the evils of sweating has been the prop of much of East London trade. Their abolition would doubtless benefit England as a whole—would doubtless in the end benefit London, for it cannot permanently be an advantage to maintain an industry by the power of flesh and blood if strained to their utmost limit of endurance to undersell iron and steam. In the transition there will be suffering;

but this is inevitable in all transitions. Meanwhile it is gratifying that there is already evidence of an improvement in the conditions of several of the trades investigated, owing to the exposure of abuses. It is in this exposure, rather than in the remedies suggested, that the chief value of the inquiry lies.

The Report shows traces of several hands, the result being that the various sections are more or less independent, and do not converge or lead up to the final conclusion. But though many hands have been at work upon it, the public are aware that the Report is not the product of the Committee as a whole, but of the Committee *minus* its chairman. We are still in the dark as to the exact contents of Lord Dunraven's rejected draft; but if his recent utterances in the Press may be taken as an index in the matter, we may the more easily reconcile ourselves to the rather humdrum document which has just seen the light.

A REJOINDER TO MR. BRADLAUGH.

THAT the legal eight-hours day has become a burning question cannot now be denied. The colossal gathering in its favour on May 4th, the decisive majorities at the last International Congresses held in London and Paris, its popularity in America, and the general unanimity of Continental workmen prove that it receives more support than was generally believed.

In England 300,000 members of the Miners' Federation are practically unanimous in its favour. In every case where Trade Unionists have voted upon the question, simply and apart from other issues, personal and political, good majorities in its favour have been shown. One of its opponents, Mr. C. Bradlaugh, M.P., has to face this significant fact, that in spite of bitter speeches against the legal eight-hours day and its advocates, 10,000 persons, and many of his constituents, passed unanimously a resolution in support of it, on May 4th, at Northampton.

All workmen agree as to the necessity of an eight-hours day. A section—a diminishing minority—differ from me as to the means of securing it. As an advocate of Trades Unionism who is not afraid to acknowledge its weakness, I am in favour of using all means to shorten the working day.

It is simply because Trade Unionism, through its restricted numbers (800,000 out of 7,000,000), cannot effect this, except in special cases, that I am in favour of resorting to legislation, as being less harmful to the community than strikes, less costly to the workers as a whole, and, in a word, being the line of least resistance along which the whole of the working-class electorate, Unionist or not, can work.

The objections raised against the legal eight-hours day are:—

First. Foreign competition would ruin many of our industries.

The foreign competition argument was used from 1802 up to 1878, against the Factory and other Acts, and its weakness was shown by the doubling of our wealth between 1844 and 1858, when the hours of labour were reduced from fourteen to ten for women and children, and also, indirectly, for men where the two sexes worked together. Sir James Graham and Mr. Roebuck, who had spoken against the passing of the Acts, afterwards apologised for their opposition, as their predictions were completely falsified. Mr. Bradlaugh, who only repeats their arguments, will be compelled to do the same in the near future. Further than this, the Continental workmen (and it is a cheerful fact) are more eager in favour of the eight-hours day than we are, and will secure it, even if England is not, as I believe it will be, its pioneer.

The staple industries of the country have now a margin of profit sufficient to enable us to compete with the foreign manufacturers, many of whom see that the way in which England has been able to hold her own has been through the fact that her workmen are superior productive agents.

This superiority is caused by relatively shorter hours of labour, improved machinery, better pay, and generally a higher standard of comfort. Besides these, State interference in the direction of improved factory, sanitary, and educational conditions, though costly at first, has returned a disproportionate increase in productiveness and skill on the part of the operative. And, singular though it may appear to some, our danger is not in the foreigner working his people long hours, and paying them low wages—which the fear of revolution is rendering impossible—but in his going further than England in the direction of shorter hours and better wages, and, in doing so, using the same weapons against us that we have used successfully against him. This is strikingly shown by the fact that America, with its better conditions, is becoming the successful competitor against all others in the manufacture of machinery, tools, and in other industries. The nation to fear is the one with the best machinery, high speeds, which utilises waste products, whose workers are technically and artistically educated—results impossible to produce where long hours and low wages prevail. The bogey of foreign competition has been dispelled by international communication, and the result is international combination for a maximum working day, and ultimately for a minimum wage. This will be secured concurrently by all, and though foreign competition will not thereby be abolished (I am sorry to say), it will be put universally on a higher level. One nation may slightly lead; I want that honour to be England's. Henceforth the highly paid operative with leisure, and a higher standard of comfort, and consequently greater powers of consumption, will be, both as a producer and a consumer, the most profitable to the community. Is it not clear that anything tending to raise the tram slave or the tailor to the level of the miner or engineer must really benefit every trader and manufacturer in the kingdom? Even supposing that in some trades foreign competition may affect us prejudicially—and then only if the movement is not international, which is not possible—an increased home trade in our domestic industries, caused through reduced hours absorbing the workless, would more than equal the foreign trade that might in a few cases be lost. The late Berlin Conference, where our Factory Laws were practically taken as a standard by European nations, and in a few cases improved upon, shows what can be done internationally for the reduction of hours, if our Parliament really desired to help the workers.

The second objection is, that the eight hours day would mean reduced wages.

Whatever justification this argument may have in theory, it is disproved by experience. No political economist will now venture to assert, even in theory, that shorter hours mean smaller wages. The twelve, ten, and nine hour agitations were productive of higher wages, and when not that, certainly no diminution. The objection is historically untrue, especially so in the trade to which I belong. Wages are determined to-day, under machine industry and subdivision of labour, not so much by the ability of the workers as by the number of competitors in the unemployed labour market, created generally by the excessive hours of those in work. Though we cannot, and do not, wish to abolish machinery, we can remove or palliate the competition by reducing hours. Reduced wages would not follow this action, as the determining factor, the unemployed, would have been absorbed; consequently a rise in wages would be more probable than a diminution. This is proved by the bakers, who obtained last year a forty per cent. reduction of hours, with a higher wage, by the gas-stokers with thirty per cent. less hours and a higher wage, and also by the employees of the London County Council. If, by an Eight-hour Bill, every employer were virtually driven to take on additional hands, at the time all his rivals were doing the same, would that be the time for reducing wages? Would it not rather mean, as with gas-stokers, a time for increasing wages? Certain it is that in all trades, skilled or unskilled, the shorter the hours, the

higher the wage. Wages are also regulated by the standard of comfort of those who receive them. The man who works sixteen hours per day has a lower standard than the man who works eight, because his social, physical, and intellectual requirements, through the absence of leisure and opportunities, cannot be developed, without which his standard cannot improve, nor his powers of consumption increase, and in so doing give opportunity for work to others that leisure and desire set in motion. The fact is, the absorption of one and a quarter millions of unemployed would create a demand for commodities in the home market which would more than counterbalance the increased cost of production consequent upon the generally reduced hours. This advantage would continue until such time as machinery improves, and a further reduction of hours is rendered necessary—a condition of things the Australian workmen are now meeting by a demand for a legal seven hour day brought in by Mr. Copeland. Absolutely true is the labour rhyme—

"If you work by the piece, or work by the day,
Reducing the hours increases the pay."

In labour, as in anything else offered for sale, reducing the quantity tends to raise, not lower, the market price. It is also forgotten by some that men have to be kept either as non-reproductive paupers, criminals, and loafers, or as honest workmen. In the three first instances it means a serious diminution in the wages available for the workers by the compulsory or voluntary taxation rendered necessary by enforced idleness, one of the most prolific sources of demoralisation. This idleness, we believe, is mainly caused by long hours and systematic overtime that Unionism cannot grapple with and for which high wages are no adequate compensation.

The third objection raised by Mr. Bradlaugh is that State interference is not necessary or advisable "except for the purpose of preventing injury to life or health—on any matters on which the people are, or reasonably ought to be, able to protect themselves." This seems a remarkable argument from the author of a Truck Act for grown men, who, if Mr. Bradlaugh is right, ought to have been strong enough, through their Unions, to prevent beer and potatoes being forced upon them by unscrupulous employers in lieu of wages. We also remember that the State interference which he denounces for reducing hours, he is ready to invoke for compulsory cultivation of land—a much greater infringement of so called individual rights—Employers' Liability Acts, Municipal Markets, Prevention of Overloading of Vessels, and other measures to keep in check unfettered and unscrupulous capitalism. Mr. Bradlaugh must know as "Member for India" that his only chance of deserving that title is by extending State interference, and giving to India a Factory Act similar to ours, or better, that will alone prevent the slow murder of Indian men, women, and children by excessive hours.

In the interests of health, overtime must be abolished, and long hours reduced, to prevent the physical deterioration that is now going on. That great incentive to crime, compulsory idleness, can only disappear by honest toil being made more lucrative, certain, and attractive.

The reckless disregard of life by railway directors in the interest of high dividends, which mean long hours and insufficient men, must be stopped. How much further does Mr. Bradlaugh want the Railway Director to go in injuring life by the long hours of his employees before he will think State interference is justified? His colleague, Mr. John Morley, pertinently observes—and I agree with him—that "unfettered individual competition is not a principle to which the regulation of industry may be entrusted." Finally, I maintain, in the light of past experience, that the welfare of all is best promoted by Parliament embodying in laws what the common-sense of most demands, which can only be secured and retained by that political machinery which citizenship confers.

JOHN BURNS.

BRADFORD AND MR. FORSTER.

A CROWD of people, variously estimated at from fifteen to thirty thousand in number, gathered together in a great triangular space, surrounded by high blocks of warehouses, railway stations, and other public buildings of an imposing character; strings of banners floating under the fitful May sunshine; in the middle of the crowd a platform built round a pedestal whereon stands the bronze statue of a man of large frame and marked features, represented in the act of addressing a public meeting—this was what one saw at the moment when the Forster monument was unveiled at Bradford last Saturday afternoon. By far the most striking feature of the demonstration was the crowd. How completely it differed from any London crowd! The men and women had no smartness of apparel; to the eyes of an unaccustomed cockney they might indeed have seemed perilously near, in social station, to the lowest of our East End poor. They were nothing of the sort, of course, despite the roughness of their attire. Men and women alike were fresh from their week of toil in the mill. It was Saturday afternoon, the time sacred to their own personal enjoyment—to pic-nics at Shipley Glen or Ilkley, to marketing, to long country walks, to rambles in the parks of Bradford. But to-day, to the number of a score of thousands, they had forgotten themselves and their usual Saturday occupations, and had flocked to this great triangular space of ground to bear new testimony to their love for the man who in his lifetime had been their leader and their idol.

It was an impressive spectacle; for this vast crowd, which waited with absolute patience for two long hours, had no great excitement to sustain it during that time. It could not hear the speeches—which, by the way, were excellent; it had no striking novelty in the shape of a celebrity from a distance to gaze at, for Lord Ripon is a familiar figure throughout the West Riding. There was no mere spectacular attraction about the scene, for the unveiling of a draped figure in bronze is by no means a striking incident from the picturesque point of view. But in spite of that, the crowd hardly moved during the long ceremonial. It had come there to show its regard for a man whose name is still a living one in Bradford, and it felt no weariness or lassitude until it had done its work and paid its tribute to its old member.

If anyone had been there who was an entire stranger to the career of Mr. Forster, he must have felt amazed that, years after his death, a great community could testify in this manner—not by a big subscription list or a flowery public meeting, but by giving up its weekly holiday to attend the unveiling of his monument—in what esteem it held him. But no one who knew the peculiar place which Mr. Forster always held in Bradford, felt any surprise on finding that his memory is still cherished by the people there. In his biography we have been told that there was no neutrality of sentiment regarding him among those who knew Mr. Forster. If people did not hate him they loved him. In Bradford he inspired both feelings at one time, though before his death all other sentiments were merged in an affection and admiration which were almost passionate. At the worst of times, however, he was master of the situation in the town which he served in Parliament for a quarter of a century. Every kind of opposition assailed him at one time or another. Now he had to face the Tories, the publicans, the propertied and privileged classes of every grade, and he beat them easily. Then it was the Nonconformists, the Radicals, the men who had been his own warmest supporters, who turned against him, and strove to oust him from his place; but he withstood the assau as the Bass Rock withstands the waves of the German Ocean. No matter what charges were levelled against him, no matter what parties combined to bring about his downfall, nothing could shake his hold upon the heart of Bradford.

Looking on that wonderful scene last Saturday, one recalled another Saturday which the writer spent in Bradford nearly five years ago—the last Saturday of July, 1885. It was the eve of

Bank Holiday, and every train as it left the town was crowded with clerks and working men, eager to get their annual respite of a few days from the smoke and noise of their daily toil. In a room in one of the hotels sat Mr. Forster with his election agent, his private secretary, and a friend. He looked perhaps a trifle anxious, and yet calm and self-confident as was his wont. "I have chosen the worst day in the whole year for my meeting," he remarked to his friend. "Bradford is empty this afternoon, and no wonder. I don't know how anybody can resist the chance of getting into the country on a day like this, and with a public holiday too. We shall have a poor meeting."

The meeting was that at which he proposed to take farewell of the united electorate of Bradford on the occasion of ceasing to be member for the whole borough; and so strong did party feeling run in Bradford at the time, that whilst the Tories were preparing to oppose Mr. Forster when he stood for the Central Division, the official Liberals of the town had openly boycotted him, and advised all Liberals to stay away from his meeting. Little wonder that he was anxious. Even those who knew his hold upon the affections of the people, remembering the enormous strength of the opposition which was thus brought to bear upon him, and remembering also the counter-attractions of the holiday, the splendid summer weather, and the lovely scenery which is within easy reach of Bradford, felt anxious also. But five minutes later, when the little party crossed the street and entered the great hall which had so often rung with Mr. Forster's sterling eloquence, the momentary doubts were dispelled. There, on that hot July evening, was such a crowd as even St. George's Hall had never seen before, packed together in a sweltering mass like herrings in a barrel, alternately cheering for their member and groaning at the names of his antagonists, and waiting to give him, when he stood forth upon the platform, such a welcome as only Yorkshire knows how to offer to her chief favourites. That was a wonderful evening. For more than an hour Mr. Forster stood there holding his mighty audience spellbound, interrupted only by the bursts of irrepressible cheering, whilst in manly words—the cadence of which still seems to fall upon the ear—he laid his *apologia* for his political life, with its achievements, its sacrifices, its failures, and its triumphs, before those to whom, in the old phrase, he owed an account of his stewardship.

It was his last speech; his last public appearance before a Bradford audience. Never again were the men who loved him so well and who followed him so loyally permitted to cluster in their thousands round that manly figure—never, until last Saturday, when they stood before its image in bronze, and hearts beat more quickly and eyes grew dim as the familiar form was revealed to them, in the very attitude in which they had last seen it in St. George's Hall.

The story of Mr. Forster's life is now revealed to the world; and we all know something of the secret of his character—the heroic determination to do what in him lay to serve his fellow-men, which was the animating motive of his whole career. No one who sees the school-houses which now cover the land can feel that Forster's career as a politician was anything but a brilliant success. Now that the storms of faction and passion have died away, or perhaps have moved to other latitudes, the solid stability of the work he did in 1870 becomes apparent to every eye, and we know that for him must be reserved one of the highest places in the ranks of those English statesmen whose achievements have brightened the face of the land and sweetened the lot of their fellow-countrymen. And who that saw the great gathering of last Saturday, with its living testimony to the freshness of the affection which the community he served so long still feels for Forster's name and memory, will admit that in its more personal aspects his career can have fallen short of his ambition? To live in good men's hearts is not to die, and Mr. Forster, it is clear, is still a living force in the hearts of those among whom his days of energetic and unselfish labour were chiefly spent.

A TRUST IN BOOKS.

BY the latest development of American Trusts, copyright has received another blow. These great engines of commercial rapacity, which the American people by their benighted fiscal policy have nurtured, and are now vainly trying to suppress, have entered the field of literature, and monopolies have been created in the two great branches of the publishing trade. A Trust has been formed in School Books, and another combination organised to control the business of piracy. A little inquiry into the constitution and objects of these combinations will show how they affect the interests of English authors.

The Trust in School-Books is a colossal enterprise, and has taken a long time to organise. All the leading publishers of school-books and appliances—including Appleton and Co., Ivison Blakeman and Co., Barnes and Co. (of New York), and Van Antwerp, Bragg and Co. (of Cincinnati)—except Harper and Brothers—have merged this branch of their business into one company. This consolidation was necessary, we are told, because fierce competition had rendered the school-book business unprofitable. By dispensing with the services of agents, by purchasing material in bulk, and by centralising and simplifying the business, the new company will be able to make large profits without raising the prices, and to outbid any competitors that may remain. The school-book trade in America is one of enormous magnitude. In no country are there so many schools in proportion to the population, and the schools are in most cases provided with class-books at the public expense. And many of the higher class of text-books—works in logic, rhetoric, science, and the classics—are by English authors, who have occasionally received remuneration from competing publishers for priority; but they are not likely to receive anything from a monopoly.

The combination of the pirates has resulted from causes to which we referred recently in an article on the sale of English novels in America. The pirates, as we then stated, have been hard pressed of late years. There were too many pirates in the field, and too little booty. The plunder would not go round to the satisfaction of all the plunderers. They were reluctantly compelled to pay English novelists for advanced sheets, and this so demoralised them that they became apostates and found themselves advocating copyright. As they unfortunately were not likely to get copyright, it then occurred to Mr. John W. Lovell to induce the pirates to cease the cut-throat policy, and combine. Mr. Lovell is a Canadian by birth, and commenced his career in Montreal, but was harassed by the late Charles Reade, who objected to anyone reprinting his books within the British dominions. Mr. Lovell, therefore, migrated to the land of liberty, to be out of the reach of law and justice, and he and others send their editions into Canada from their headquarters in New York. Mr. Lovell has in recent years paid large sums to English novelists for early sheets in order to be first in the field, and has established an agency in London so as to keep in closer touch with the literary movement on this side.

In a circular which Mr. Lovell has issued to "the trade" in the United States and Canada he says:—"For several years past little if any profit has been made in the publishing or handling of what are known as the standard and competitive books such as 12mos and poets." This is a euphemistic reference to pirated editions. The "intense competition has led to a great deterioration in the manufacture," which has "brought reproach upon American publishers. It is notorious that such badly made books have never appeared elsewhere." To "remedy these recognised evils" Mr. Lovell therefore resolved "to obtain by purchase the various competing editions of standard sets, poets, and 12mos now published in this country, and this has been practically accomplished." The firms who have been bought out are:—Hurst and Company, Worthington Company, W. L. Allison, George Munro, Norman L. Munro, the National Publishing Company, The Alden Book Company, Pollard and Moss Frank F. Lovell and Company, G. W. Dallingham—all of

New York; the Aldine Book Company, Estes and Lauriat, De Wolfe Fiske and Company of Boston, J. B. Lyon of Albany Donohue and Company, Belford Clarke and Company of Chicago and J. B. Lippincott of Philadelphia. The only firms of importance which we miss are Appleton and Company—who have perhaps been too much occupied in engineering the school-book Trust to attend to the pirate branch of their business—and the Harpers, who were among the first to publish cheap reprints, but have lately been less enterprising in this direction, and confine themselves mainly to novels, of which they buy the serial rights. But Mr. Lovell adds, "it is expected the negotiations with the few remaining firms will soon be successfully concluded." It will be seen that the "Lovell combination," as it is called, is a monopoly and not a Trust.

Mr. Lovell proposes to raise prices high enough to "cover the extra cost" of making a good book. Instead of fivepence and tenpence, the price will be from one to two shillings. These "standard sets, poets, and 12mos," include not only every saleable modern English novel, but works on popular science, belles lettres, biography, history, travel, and everything else that is likely to bring grist to the pirate's mill.

We have said that some of the pirates, including Mr. Lovell, have been in the habit of buying early sheets from English novelists. This practice was one of the "evils of intense competition." As this competition is now practically abolished—as it would require enormous capital to fight the new combination—will the English author receive this small pittance in future? If Mr. Lovell's monopoly is not different from every other monopoly, English authors will not receive a cent, and the prospects of copyright are blacker than ever.

FROM A JURYMAN'S DIARY.

I INADVERTENTLY took the corner seat next the judge, and discovered that I had thereby created myself foreman.

The case was that of "Pennycuik v. The Godshill Valley Railway Company." It appeared that Miss Pennycuik, an elderly spinster living at Hornsey Rise, dazzled by the prospectus of this company, had, some two years before, invested £500 in a fresh issue of shares in the form of preference stock which was to pay 4½ per cent. before any dividend was paid on the ordinary or deferred shares. The following is a brief extract from the prospectus which had been drawn up by Sir Humphrey Scratchell, Bart., chairman of the Board, and proprietor of most of the Godshill Valley:—

THE GODSHILL VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED.

Capital, £250,000 in 50,000 £5 shares, of which 100 are deferred shares.

It is a noteworthy fact that whereas the northern and less healthy portion of the Isle of Wight is intersected by railway lines belonging to no less than four distinct Railway Companies, the southern and more hygienic portion is primitively destitute of these commercial necessities. The Godshill Valley Railway Company is a going concern, and has for five years past conducted with encouraging results a line running from Newport (the "Modern Athens" of the Island) through Carisbrook, Gatcombe, Godshill, Whitwell, and Niton, to St. Catherine's Point, the commercial *ultima thule* of the Isle of Wight. Hitherto, the suggestive proximity of St. Catherine's Point to the well-known Cape Barfleur, on the French coast (a favourite foreign resort of Mary Queen of Scots), has by some marvel escaped the attention of speculators. But apart from affording to the tourist a new, picturesque, and rapid route to the Continent, and to the Government a way of transport upon the strategical advantages of which it would be impolitic to dwell, the Godshill Valley Railway Company offers the following indisputable advantages to the public, and indirectly to the investor. It connects and brings to one definite terminus the four existing lines: the Ryde to Ventnor or Isle of Wight Railway, the Brading Harbour Railway, the Central Railway, and the Newport to Yarmouth and Freshwater Railway. (ii.) It brings Lloyd's Agency, and other such firms and parties concerned, into immediate touch with that portion of the coast on which most of the casualties in the way of wrecks are unfortunately wont to occur, viz., the Needles, Scratchell's Bay, Oldpepper Rock, Atherfield Point, Blackgang Chine, &c. (marked A, B, C, D, E, &c., in the accompanying plan). And (iii.) it will enable lovers of picturesque solitude to search out hitherto unfrequented spots in this, the wildest portion of the Isle of Wight;

as arrangements are being made to run excursion trains for the convenience of persons desirous to get away from the turmoil of daily life, on Saturdays and Bank Holidays at reduced rates. The promoter, Sir Humphrey Scratchell, Bart., is so sanguine of the ultimate success of the scheme, that he takes *No Promotion Money*, but he accepts one hundred deferred shares, which receive *No Dividend* until after eight per cent. has been paid on ordinary shares. The holder of deferred stock then ranks with the ordinary shareholder, and divides the remaining profits in equal proportions, i.e., in the proportion of half and half.

The fresh issue of preference shares is offered in advance *at par* to shareholders in any of the four other Isle of Wight Railway Companies, as it is obviously to their interest to invest in shares in the new Company, which will so materially enhance the value of the stock they already hold. *On and after April 1st next, all the shares not subscribed for (if any) will be offered to the general public at a premium of six per cent. All the ordinary shares have been subscribed for and fully paid up.*

It was this last paragraph which had caught the eye and attracted the fancy of the unfortunate Miss Pennycuik (who was already a shareholder in the Isle of Wight Central Railway), for it appeared to her that if she were to buy five hundred pounds' worth of this preference stock at par, to hold it until after April 1st, and then to sell it to the public at six premium, she would without doubt and without risk realise a profit of thirty pounds. And in theory she was right, but she was unable practically to carry out her scheme, as, although the shares were duly offered to the public at six premium, they found no buyers, nor did they when offered at ten, twenty, fifty, or even eighty discount. There was, furthermore, a misleading lack of frankness about the final dozen words above quoted. When Sir Humphrey had applied to Parliament for permission to give fresh impetus to his company by making a fresh issue of shares to the public, this permission was accorded to him only in the event that he could show that all the original shares had been fully paid up. As only about five thousand pounds' worth had been applied for, Sir Humphrey was for a moment nonplussed, until he hit on the happy idea of handing over about two hundred and forty thousand pounds' worth of shares to his contractor in payment of a bill for about £10,000. Practically, putting minor points on one side, the question for the jury to decide upon was whether the suppression in the prospectus of the fact that the contractor was receiving payment of his bill in shares and not in cash, and that the great majority of the shares described as "fully paid up" had been handed over to the contractor in such payment, amounted to a fraudulent suppression or not.

Mr. Wince, Q.C., conducted the case for the plaintiff with great skill—in fact, his hob-nobbing method with the jury struck me as being on the whole even more convincing than the quietly indignant dignity of Mr. Findlater, Q.C. (for the defendant), who, however, at times almost succeeded in conveying the impression that a board of railway directors was a species of Court of Honour. The case went smoothly and straightforwardly enough. There was one slight delay, of twenty minutes or so, when Mr. Justice Verges, slightly overrating his mental agility, endeavoured to find a marked passage on the page of a ledger which was handed to him by Mr. Wince.

"Who is this *Mr. Jones*?" asked his lordship, looking over the top of his double eye-glasses. "I have nothing about him in my notes."

"Your lordship is looking at the wrong page," said Mr. Wince. "If your lordship would kindly look at the right-hand page instead of the left-hand page—"

"But—why should I *not* look at the left-hand page?" said his lordship, beginning to look seriously suspicious.

"Because, my lord, with great deference, there's nothing there concerning this particular case," said Mr. Wince, with an engaging smile.

"But if there's nothing here concerning this particular case," repeated the judge, puzzled, and getting rather annoyed, "why am I given this ledger at all?"

"I was anxious for your lordship to glance at the passage which I marked in pencil on the right-hand page, but if your lordship thinks it immaterial—" said Mr. Wince, apologetically.

"I had better commence at the first page, and read this ledger

entirely through," snapped his lordship, thoroughly displeased, and convinced that he was being imposed upon. And whilst Mr. Justice Verges was engaged in trying to decipher immaterial matter contained in the ledger (which I am by no means sure he had not by this time got upside down), Mr. Wince took the opportunity to confide to us a number of statements disparaging to Sir Humphrey Scratchell, but which in nowise concerned the case before us—and with regard to which Mr. Findlater in vain appealed to his lordship, who, in his turn, was far too much engrossed in the financial career of Mr. Jones—as shown on the left-hand pages—to exert his authority and check Mr. Wince. At the conclusion of the judge's summing up, it was, I believe, a surprise to most people—and not least to Sir Humphrey and his counsel, who both appeared to me to be ill-concealing their amused surprise—to find there were certain of the jury who were inclined to find for the defendant. We were accordingly despatched in the custody of the usher, and locked into a large underground room walled with tiles, containing a table and twelve chairs. An "old hand" present suggested that we should all agree to return the verdict of the majority, but this proposal was negated as being too sensible. It turned out that we were in the proportion of eight to four—that is to say, eight for the plaintiff and four for the defendant. And never before that time when I discussed the evidence which had been laid before us, and saw the peculiar points of view from which the typical jurymen contemplate any assortment of fact, did I at all appreciate the extent to which England owes her world-wide reputation for honesty and fairness—judiciously tempered with shrewdness—to the maintenance and practice of her system of trial by jury. The first man I approached was almost indignant that the *bona fides* of the prospectus should be impugned. "Why," said he, at the end of a long harangue, as a final *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole case, "I myself have made statements in many a prospectus which were quite as bad as any in this here one." I tried to explain that as these other prospectuses were not under consideration, he might, without in any way dimming the rosy rays in which his own statements therein contained had been allowed to bask, contemplate in a colder light the illegitimate assertions of Sir Humphrey Scratchell. "All I can say is," he persisted, "if this here prospectus is fraudulent, then half the prospectuses in the city are fraudulent." And he folded his arms as a sign that the discussion, so far as he was concerned, was at an end. His next neighbour repeated all this, only in a more polished manner, being a man of more finished, or, at all events, of more satisfactorily commenced education. He gave his remarks quite a classical gloss by stating more than once, "that whereas there may be a certain amount of *suppressio veri* in this prospectus, there appears to me to be no *expositio falsi*." And I think the pleasure of thus glibly talking Latin to an audience of eleven fellow-citizens was a far greater reward to him than the guinea he afterwards received for his services. The next whom I tried to win over was an entirely different specimen of jurymen. He was standing aloof from the rest, with a rather amused expression of face—a fair, bronzed, military-looking young man, in a smart, loose, blue, great-coat, and a very brightly shining hat tipped over his eyes. He only laughed languidly when I endeavoured to discuss the facts of the case with him, and all I could get out of him was that "the poor old Johnnie wanted the stuff devilish bad—and he got it, by gad! Devilish smart of the old Johnnie." It was impossible to persuade this light-hearted son of Mars to take any other than this somewhat flippantly cynical view of the position. The fourth and final supporter of the defendant's case was a far more familiar and British type of jurymen. "Gentlemen," he said, addressing all of us in the tone of one in the habit of appealing to the higher sentiments of respectable ratepayers, "who are we that we should stamp a gentleman—I may say, a baronet—of Sir Humphrey Scratchell's position with so grave a—a—taint as the—stigma of fraud?" I pointed out to him that the proper course for an aristocrat

chairman with a sense of honour and dignity to pursue was *not* to personally misrepresent facts to the public, but to deal in the first instance with the proprietor of some financial newspaper—to allot to him so many shares at call at two shillings a share—and to trust to his forethought and to the foolhardiness of the tape-speculator to run the stock up to a premium. But the old feudal spirit was too strong within him. "I should be very sorry to think there was one gentleman in this room," he said, turning a sarcastic eye on me, "who would not be glad and proud to help out of a difficulty of this kind *any* man—no matter his rank even—who possesses a property as extensive as Sir Humphrey's, and who spends his money—howsoever he may have made it—in his own country." Thus the four obstinate jurors carried their point to the extent that we were discharged, and that poor Miss Pennycuik regained no control over her £500, but had, on the other hand, to pay her own costs.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

V.—LAZARUS AT THE GATES OF DIVES.

THE South-West is too large a district to belong exclusively to classes or masses. Blue blood flows in the veins of South Kensington and leaves a heavy gold deposit at its banks. In the big cemetery that stretches from West Brompton to the Fulham Road, rich and poor, classes and masses, lie side by side in poisonous quiet. In Fulham itself, in the neighbourhood of Walham Green and the North End Road, the people are nearly all poor.

They are not the poorest. Every winter someone dies of cold, but here, for the most part, the people can afford to buy coals, if it is only by a small measure which is pronounced "arfundred." Cases of indecent crowding are not nearly so frequent as in the East, although some faculty for arrangement is often required to prevent it, and the kitchen or sitting-room of the daytime becomes a bedroom by night. One sees rags and dirt; and one sees also many fine clothes being taken for a walk on the Embankment on Sunday afternoon. I am not speaking, of course, of the shopkeepers, many of whom are quite prosperous; everything is very cheap, and one of their notice-boards reminds me "Small Profits is the Secret of Success." The cultured philanthropist, with his Shelley and his soup, is not common in these parts, but there is an efficient and unsectarian society which has saved many from the workhouse. As for culture, they have not time to think about it. Perception and appreciation have but little room for existence in a life that is chiefly occupied with the difficulty of living. Yet in some form or other, and without self-consciousness, one is always finding that these people show the finer feelings.

I stood on Saturday night in Walham Green, where the omnibuses stop, and looked at the sunset. It was a popular sunset, full of lavish, rich colours. On the one side the tower of St. John's Church, and on the other the gaunt scaffolding poles of some new tall building, stood out sharply against the bright light. I looked because I saw the others looking; and the others were three not very comely, rather noisy, girls, linked arm-in-arm, who were walking in front of me. They were going, perhaps, into the North End Road to do some marketing. They were plain and respectable, and had no attractive air of picturesque poverty and an admiration for Ibsen. But they walked a little slower, and kept on looking at the sunset. Their eyes did not grow softer, perhaps; and it is quite possible that they did not go home with an unsatisfied desire to lead the higher life, to be better, more sentimental, more picturesque. But they had spared a few moments for the sunset, a few moments when they might have been thinking what they would buy that night or what they would eat on the morrow. A sunset is not altogether wasted on the poor of Fulham.

Music and the poetry of motion have also attractions for them. Some may not think the swift, hard precision of a mechanical piano, with its arrangements of music-hall songs, is

music. Yet the admiration for it is the same emotion as is evoked, though with more critical reservations, from the cultured at a Richter concert. One can forgive the music, when one sees the dancing of the children. They follow the instrument from place to place, and wherever it is played they dance. Their ages seem to range from five to sixteen. Some dance with merriment and *abandon*, others with the utmost solemnity. Some are in couples, others dance alone. Some seem to be guided merely by nature, in others nature has been chastened by art; these latter understand steps, and their dancing is often a reminiscence of the stage. But they all dance as if they loved it. The music of their homes might also give a chance to the sarcastically-minded. The banjo, the concertina, and the £4 harmonium are not the most lovely instruments, but they are less expensive than a good piano. And the self-taught musician, who has only a part of the evening in which to practise, naturally selects his music chiefly on the ground of easiness and familiarity. He is most familiar with the productions of the music-hall or the tabernacle. But if it is not an exquisite taste, at least it is not an animal appetite.

They like flowers too. Some have gardens of their own, and even the poorer buy flowers. The penny so spent is often a greater sacrifice, proportionately, to the love of beauty than is ever made by the cultured classes. Several of the barrows which line part of the North End Road on Saturday night are covered with flowers for sale.

On Saturday night that part of the street is crowded, and there is hardly room to walk on the pavement. The shops are brilliant with gas-light, and the whole scene is full of interest, and colour, and noise. The salesmen stand in the front of their shops, bawling continually. They are full of energy, and sell as if their life depended on it; which, to some extent, it probably does. Every establishment has the iciest contempt for every other establishment. "We are the people whom others try to imitate," says one placard with dignified scorn. The proprietors of the barrows are just as noisy as the shopmen. "Ere yer are; come along and buy from the original myker," bawls a man with a barrow-load of sweetmeats, and a disbelief in the middleman. Another stall is laden with piles of oranges that make a splendid patch of colour. An old man is selling packets, very neatly done up, and he does not tell us what is in them. He hints what may be in them, and he positively affirms that there are no blanks. He desires heaven to bear witness that there are no blanks. He knew a young man who bought one of those packets last week, and had reasons to congratulate himself. This old man gets some custom. In a side street is a more imposing eminence, with a lamp on each side of it. From the top of this edifice a man is selling floor-cloth, which a little girl unrolls before the assembled crowd. He is a versatile man. Sometimes he gives himself up to being humorous or sarcastic. "Whort," he asks, "is a passage without floor-cloth? Gar'n—whort's a teetotaller without his tea-pot?" At other times he is serious with the seriousness of one who is conscious of his worth. "I'm not," he solemnly declares, "like him what sold watches 'ere last Saturday. I'm not that sort. I'm known in Fulham. I'm known," he repeats after an impressive pause, "in Fulham." Or he grows statistical and confidential as to the details of his business. He explains that he has contracted to buy remnants, that his contract means five hundred pounds a week, and that a wet Friday or a wet Saturday makes a difference. But all his eloquence does not sell a remnant, which is certainly cheap at the price he asks—five shillings. Perhaps the crowd are too poor for five-shilling temptations. On another stall is an ingenious contrivance; it is a moving figure of a banjo-player, and the hot air from an ordinary lamp is the motive-power. A battery bears the inscription "Electricity is life," which is mysterious, and consequently attractive. At two or three stalls things are sold in saucers. These things can be eaten; I saw a boy eat some. It is customary to put pepper and vinegar on them first. The proprietor of a bookstall had apparently considered that

there was a demand for the works of Tacitus and Daudet in the North End Road. I wonder if this is so.

The stream of purchasers is unending. There are married women with bags or baskets, looking anxious and sagacious. One very old woman has stopped at the butcher's, and she is gazing with searching scrutiny at a small slab of meat. She looks at it as if she knew all its past and were sorry for it. She turns it over. The young butcher gives it an excellent character; he pleads for it; he grows almost pathetic about it. But she shakes her head slowly and walks away. I wonder what was really wrong with that unhappy fragment.

There are couples who are going to be married one day. The young men of these couples look toned down. They walk more slowly than young men generally walk; their voices are lower; their conversation is probably less exuberant. But they seem proud of themselves, and perfectly happy. The young girl has something she does not want at a barrow, and the young man pays for it; which, I suppose, is good practice. There is a good deal of cheap happiness in the street, and but little drunkenness or vice. It is late at night before all is quiet again; and seller and buyer alike are probably glad enough that to-morrow is Sunday. "Festus dat veniam somnumque dies," thinks the poor young scholar who bought that Tacitus from the book-stall. I did not see any one buy it, and probably no one did buy it, but it is pleasanter to imagine the poor young scholar. He lives in one room in an alley that leads from a back-street, that leads from a side-street. Long after the streets are quiet he sits there reading. To-morrow is Sunday. "Impune licebit aestivam . . . tendere noctem."

THRUMS GOSSIPS.

III.—THE MINISTER IN DISGRACE.

COMING out of church we seldom make up on each other, for we all move homeward at the same rate, and the man who has a dozen yards start is merely seen in the distance. On this occasion, however, Dite Deuchars and I were in front, and Haggart had stooped to pick up Dite's Sabbath handkerchief—which has been found by nearly every member of the congregation—and Mysy Lambie had slipped up to see what Haggart was handing to Dite. Then we dandered on, Mysy a step or two behind, until we reached the foot of the school-wynd, when she took a short cut and joined us. No one spoke, I think, until the Sabbath-school bell stopped, which it does suddenly, as if Hendry Munn, the kirk officer, gave the rope six half-contemptuous tits and then tied it up. Hendry is a bachelor.

"Ay?" asked Dite, for ay is a vocabulary in itself in which we could converse at a shift, just as we can live through a winter on meal.

"A sair sicht, I say," replied Mysy, who, being a woman, could not wait for Haggart. "There'll be a toon about this."

It will be seen that we were discussing the sermon.

"You noticed it, Tammas," continued Mysy.

"Wha could help noticing it?" replied Haggart guardedly. It struck me that he did not quite know what Mysy was speaking about.

"I noticed nothing oncommon," Dite said, "but that's just my luck. I'll warrant I was thinking about that henhouse o' mine at the very minute he said the oncommon thing. I canna make it out, but there's ay a point in a sermon whaur the wife lets out her foot at me, and I start up to find I've been thinking about the henhouse. It's the spars whaur Dow's ferret gets in that bothers me. Ay, and angry I am when I see I've lost the thread o' the minister's discourse. 'Dagon you, you auld henhouse,' I says to mysel' in a rage, but I canna help the same thing happening next Sabbath again."

"Man, man," said Haggart, kindly; "you should try a peppermint."

"I have tried them, but the wife says I canna put them in my mouth in an unseen wy, and so she's stopped them. Ay, that's a thing women does a hantle better than men. It's a haver, is it no', Tammas, to pretend that men's the superior of women in all respects?"

"Ordinar' men," agreed Haggart.

"Of course, I wasna speaking of humourists, the which I'm not one. Ay, but what was the queer thing about the sermon?"

"He missed it, Mysy," said Haggart slyly, for he was still in the dark himself.

"Weel, what was't? Is there any reason for no telling me?"

Haggart hesitated, and I trembled lest he should not rise to this emergency. But even I, who have sat at his feet all my life, do not properly grasp the greatness of this man. I cannot, in short, see round corners.

"To be plain wi' you, Dite," he said, "there is a reason."

"I see no reason," broke in Mysy.

"I daursay no, Mysy," replied Haggart with dignity. "I daursay no."

Mysy winced under this sarcasm, and Dite and I drew back from it as if we had seen a friend struck by lightning.

"And having no reason, Mysy," the humourist continued, "such as shuts my mouth, you can tell Dite what he missed."

"I wonder at you, Dite," said Mysy, while Haggart craned his neck to hear, with an eagerness that might have seemed suspicious if it had not been put down to humour. "Henhouse or no henhouse, you micht have noticed that the minister was preaching an auld sermon."

"What?" cried Dite, coming to a stop at Susie Linn's pump. We all stopped, though it was not a thing to do on the Sabbath.

"An auld sermon," repeated Mysy, fiercely.

"Tammas Haggart," demanded Dite, "is there any reason for your no telling me whether Mysy Lambie's speaking gospel?"

"I'm free to speak now," replied Haggart, "and gospel truth she's spoken."

"It was an auld sermon?"

"An auld sermon it was," Haggart said; "and I could have fallen off my seat when he began it. Man, man, Dite, what things we see in this world."

"I dinna ken what the upshot o' this'll be," said Mysy, while Haggart nodded his head to imply that he knew but had reasons for not telling. "But it's through the toon by this time. I saw Tibbie Birse up with her coats and run into Bell Lamont's as soon as she was out o' the kirk; and what's mair, Tammas Whamond stuck in the singing o' the hinmost Psalm. He's no the precentor to stick readily—"

"He's not," said Haggart. "It's grand to see Tammas delving through a psalm. Singing's like crossing a water. You maun just splash on till you're through."

"Ay, but he had lost the heart the day, and it's a terrible thing to lose heart in the middle o' a psalm. No that I wonder at him. I watched the faces o' the elders all through the sermon, and dour they were."

"Dour," said Haggart, "they had a richt to be."

"For sax and twenty years," said Dite, "have I looked up to that man. Oh, lads, this is a watery Sabbath."

I wish I could reproduce the sadness of Dite's voice.

"Ay, you're sure it was an auld sermon? Tammas Haggart, I call to mind my father on his deathbed saying to me, 'The minister,' he says, 'has a fell brisk way o' rising off his knees.' Yes, he said that, but I put it by as a sort of fancy of the most partikler auld man I ever kent. I'm doubting there was something in't, though."

"All I can say," said Haggart, "is that the sermon startled me as muckle as though I had put my foot in the fire."

"I dinna believe," said Dite, with more energy, "that I gave the henhouse a thocht this day. I tell you, Mysy, that I followed the whole sermon, and if I hadná had you to warn me, I would very likely have got some good out o't. He completely took me in."

"The mair shame to him when we was all so willing to trust him."

"Ay, you may say that, Tammas, but when did he preach it afore? I dinna think I could have heard it, and yet—and yet, now that I consider, there was a queerness about the kirk this day. Ay, it was maybe that as kept me frae thinking about the henhouse."

"I have my reasons," said Haggart, "for no caring to tell when he preached it afore."

"It'll be twa and twenty years syne come the week afore Martinmas," Mysy said, "and, sal, though he has changed his headings, he didna cheat me."

"Tammas," asked Dite, "is that the date?"

"To keep nothing frae you, Dite," replied Haggart, "that's the date."

"Then," cried Dite excitedly, "it's like a judgment or a miracle, for I call you to witness, Tammas Haggart, also you Dominie, also you, Mysy Lambie, all being in your sound mind, that twa and twenty years syne come Martinmas, Rob Angus helpit me and my father to big that henhouse."

"That cows!" exclaimed Mysy.

"It's a thing," said Haggart, solemnly, "yes, Dite Deuchars, it's a thing wi' humour in't."

"Whaur?"

"At this minute, I just ken it's there; but I'll have a think about it at nicht. You may ken that humour is in a thing without immediately being able to grip it. It's like a rabbit in a hole. Ay, ye saw the beast gang in; but the question's how to get it out? Now—"

"The Lord behear!" cried Mysy, hitting Haggart sharply with her elbow. "Look wha's coming up the wynd."

It was the minister; but we have never agreed whether he wore a guilty face, or was trying to brazen it out.

"I don't like to see my people standing gossiping on the Lord's Day," he said sharply.

"We was just speaking about—about my henhouse," blurted out Dite, who trembled.

"You would have been better employed," said the minister, "discussing the sermon."

"Weel," Haggart interposed with his most dangerous look, "the one subject suggested the other."

"How so?" asked the minister, rushing to his doom.

Haggart was quite calm.

"You see," he said, "they are the same year's birds."

The minister walked on with a white face.

J. M. BARRIE

A WEST-COUNTRY WELL.

AT the foot of my garden, hidden from my window by the clipt box hedge, runs Sanctuary Lane, along which I see the heads of the villagers moving to church on a Sunday morning. But in returning they invariably keep to the raised footpath on the far-side, that brings the women's gowns and men's small-clothes into view. I have made many attempts to discover how this distinction arose and why it is adhered to, but never found an explanation to convince me. It is the rule, however.

From the footpath a high bank, where now the primroses have given place to spring-wort, ragged robin, and celandine, rises to an orchard—so steeply that the apple-blossom drops into the lane. Just now the petals lie thickly there in the early morning, to be trodden into dust as soon as the labourers go to work. Beyond and above the orchard stretches an oak coppice, the fringe of a great estate, with a few hsh saplings breaking the skyline on top of all. We are going to have a hot summer, the gamekeeper tells me, because the oak this year was in leaf before the ash, though only by a day. The ash was foliating on the 2nd of May, and the oak on the 1st. Up there the blue-bells lie in sheets of mauve, and the cuckoo is busy. I rarely see him; but

his three notes fill the hot noon and evening. When he spits (says the gamekeeper again) it is time to be sheep-shearing.

The gamekeeper and I have been disputing of late over bird-lore, on which I hold his views to be too fanciful. He sticks to it, for instance, that all well-conditioned rooks begin to build on the first Sunday in March, and that all the smaller birds pair on Valentine's Day. And our disputations ordinarily begin at six in the morning, when he comes down the lane and I am stepping across to test the water in St. Scarlet's Well.

This well bubbles up under a low vault scooped in the bank by the footpath, and hung with hart's-tongue ferns. It has two founts, close together; but whereas one of them simply oozes, the other is bubbling perennially and, according to my observation, keeps always the same. Its specific gravity is that of distilled water, 1000; and though, to be sure, it upset me terribly, a fortnight back, by flying up to 1005°, I think that must have come from the heavy thunderstorms and floods of rain that lately visited us, and no doubt imported some ingredients that had no business there. As for its temperature, I will select a note or two that I made with a Fahrenheit thermometer this last year:—

June 12th, 1889.	Temperature in shade of well, 62°; of water, 51°.
August 25th.	In shade of well, 73°; of water, 52°.
November 20th.	In shade of well, 43°; of water, 52°.
January 1st, 1890.	External air, 56°; inclosure, 53°; water, 52°.
March 11th.	A bleak, sunless day. Temperature in shade of well at noon (I was late that morning because of my lumbago), 54°; water, 51°. The <i>Chrysosplenium oppositiflorum</i> in rich golden bloom within the inclosure.

These five extracts ought to convince anyone. But the spring has other properties besides its steady temperature. To begin with, it will cure a child of rickets; and in the second place, the font down at the parish church is always kept supplied from it, for this sufficient reason, that no infant baptised in its water can ever live to be hanged. There is yet another virtue, with which I became acquainted just three years ago.

I was abroad in my garden, one May morning, and in the act of tossing a snail over my box hedge, when I caught a glimpse of half a dozen sun bonnets gathered about the wall, and heard some girls' voices giggling. Standing on tip-toe, I saw a group of maids from the village, and in the middle one bending over the water. Presently she scrambled to her feet, glanced over her shoulder, and caught sight of me. A shrill cry followed, and the party fled, multivious.

Considerably puzzled, I stepped into the road, and looked after their retreating skirts. A stone's throw up the lane, Gabriel Penny the road-mender was busy with a spade scraping two parallel lines of flints into places worn smooth by hoofs and cart wheels. Said I, walking up, "Can you tell me what those young women were after just now by Scarlet's Well?"

Gabriel groaned, and began with a terrific aspirate.—

"Hafter? Can I tell 'ee what they giglets be hafter?" Iss, I can—'tes ME."

He brought the point of the spade down to the ground, so that the handle rested vertically; crossed his hands over the end, rested his chin on his knuckles, and regarded me.

"'Tes hard, sir, to pursue the callin' of a widowman in a world full of languishin' women. Says Martha to me—Martha was my old woman—just afore she was tuk, an' the doctor, wi' all his Lunnon knowledge, saying, 'While there's life there's hope,' 'Gabey, my dear,' says she, 'don't 'ee cast coxin' eyes 'pon another woman when I be gone around land—don't 'ee, co! For ef you do,' says she, 'I'll ha'nt 'ee—Lord's truth, I will.' 'But,' says I, 'Martha, I be so comely.' 'Passel o' stuff,' says she; 'just you try it on, that's all!'—an' wi' that she passed. Ay, but 'tes hard for a man to do hes duty in that state o' life, an' all the mazegerry maids for miles round a-chokin' Scarlet's Well wi' pins to attract 'en."

Stepping down to the well, I saw, sure enough, half a dozen small pins gleaming in its brown depths. So I went back and reasoned with Gabriel. For indeed the pin is useless as a love

charm, useless altogether, unless flung in by way of curse, to injure the person who is present to the mind at the time. It is, I told Gabriel, a companion superstition to that of sticking pins into a wax image, a sheep's heart, an orange or an apple—the pin being a spear or dagger in miniature, and wounding more dangerously than a needle or splinter of wood, because it gives the sufferer the evil humours of the person who works the spell.

Gabriel dropped his shovel.

"An' me wi' a fusterin' finger!" he groaned, and ran away up the lane for his life.

Half an hour later I heard the noise of his shovel on the road again, and went out.

"Been up to Aun' Susan's," he explained curtly; "'went hedgin' Tuesday week an' rinned a thorn under my finger-nail. I tell 'ee 'twas black—you; but I reckon Susan's put et to rights."

"What did she say?"

"I'll tell 'ee, so near as I can remember. 'Christ was 'pon middle earth,' she says, 'and the Jews pricked en: His blood sprang up into Heaven, His flesh never rotted nor fustered: no more shan't thine,' and then her went dro' the Toxicology dree times."

It was the Doxology, though, that Gabriel meant.

This morning I found a strip of pink calico hanging from the brambles by the mouth of the well. I had seen the pattern before on a gown worn by one of the villagers' wives, and I knew the rag was a votive offering, hung there because her child, who has been ailing all the winter, is now strong enough to go out into the sunshine.

Q.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

AS it is the critic's duty always to concern himself rather with the discovery of merit than the demonstration of failure—his vocation, just as much as that of the artist, being the quest of the beautiful—he has found two of the great picture-shows of the year exceedingly poverty-stricken subjects. With Sir Coutts Lindsay's gallery it is quite otherwise. It contains more good things than we could possibly enumerate in one article. The pungent salt of novelty seasons all. Even what is bad is interestingly and freshly bad; and we dread, as we pass through the well-hung rooms, lest the delightful quickening of our blood should lead us to indiscriminate admiration.

Sir Coutts, like an old-fashioned and courtly host, comes out on the steps to greet us. The vestibule, still panelled with the deer-skins of the Arts and Sports Exhibition, is also hung with pictures. It is an experiment, and a successful one. Mr. Raven-Hill, a painter somewhat aptly named, gives us his version of "Sevastopol"—grey snow, an open ditch filled with ghastly, gory, mutilated corpses, a Russian priest, an indistinct mass which may be soldiers—a revoltingly inartistic subject treated without a vestige of intelligence. Mr. Raven-Hill poses as an understudy for Verestchagin, but lacks all that barbarian artist's brutal force, strength, and directness. We have always considered Miss Ada Bell, the Marlborough House drawing mistress, lucky in the notoriety of her flower-pieces. Hung in this big hall, however, we acknowledge they have a certain decorative value. Mr. Glazebrook's "Maud and Winifred Sladen"—a huge canvas depicting two little girls in red standing on a red-carpeted staircase, near a red croton—produces a peculiar optical illusion. But the Grosvenor is not the Wiertz Gallery. Mr. F. C. Mulock will press Mr. Burton Barber hard for the wreath of popularity if he gives us many more such pictures as his fox-terrier mother contemplating from the safe height of a chair her unsatisfied pups. Passing the turnstile, we admire Mr. R. H. Carter's "Silver Mist melting in Softest Light," and Mr. L. W. Wyllie's wide and breezy expanse of foreshore, unnamed, No. 263.

In the main gallery we find Sir Coutts Lindsay's classical composition, dealing with Endymion, swans, and Diana, occupying considerable space in the position of honour. It is faced by Mr.

Orchardson's splendid half-length portrait of himself, intended for the Uffizi Gallery. The great Scotch painter stands at his easel, palette in hand, half facing the spectator; his coat and the background are of the peculiar Orchardsonian yellow-brown; the attitude is easy, the likeness admirable, the painting firm, direct, and masterly. He has done himself and his talents justice. In the centre of the long wall hangs Mr. J. M. Swan's large canvas, "Maternity"—a lioness suckling her young. The great beast is marvellously drawn. Mr. Swan rarely condescends to be explicit as to the time of day at which he paints his pictures. It is always the hour of Swan, that suffices. So in this case there is no particular light; the softness of enveloping grey-blue enhances the deliciously warm fawn tints—that is all. Mr. Swan must have a care, or we shall conclude that his gamut of colour, however sweet, is limited. Mr. George Clausen's "Girl at the Gate" is one of the notable things of the year. A strange wistful expression is in the girl's blue eyes, and troubles her comely but far from beautiful face. There is a touching simplicity about the entire composition. Of course the evidence of the painter's admiration for the late Bastien-Lepage is only too marked—in choice of subject, and in the shadowless painting of the flesh, especially in the case of the right hand and arm, the left being a marvel of skilful drawing. When we saw the picture some months ago, it was called "Marguerite." The title gives a new significance (especially when we remember Lepage's rustic rendering of Joan of Arc) to the three figures—the man digging, the watchful uneasy mother, the girl dimly foreseeing anguish not yet comprehensible, and wishful to be alone. Sex works its tragedies in hamlets as in courts. But the "Girl at the Gate" is artistically beautiful, without the gloss of literary or psychological interest.

Strong, manly, healthy, and alive with wild movement and bold refreshing colour is Mr. Tom Graham's "The Last Boat," a large canvas showing a girl hurrying down a little wind and spray-swept pier to light the evening lamp, whilst the last fishing-boat, far out, rushes through the seething waters towards the haven. There is freshness enough about this picture to make the languid Londoner feel as if he had spent a week at the seaside. Nowhere this season have we seen work of greater promise. Mr. Henry J. Hudson's portrait "Lustra" is charming, but a little *chic*, almost effeminately pretty-pretty; and the same criticism will apply to Mr. Markham Skipworth's exquisitely dressed portrait of his wife in the East Gallery. Respect for Sir John Millais' great services to British art causes us to pass "Master Ranken" in sad silence. The face of one of the rather wooden children in Mr. A. E. Emslie's "Sons of the Hon. E. Hubbard" repays attention. Mr. Muhrmann draws so well, and has such poetic sympathy with Nature, that it makes us all the more sorry his love of eccentricity leads him to produce oil-paintings, presumably finished, which look like frescoes painted on a too-greedily thirsty ground. Great is the relief to turn from these dim crepuscular things to such brilliant, nervous, but felicitous work as Mr. J. R. Reid's "Trial Trip" or "Coastguard's Garden." In "Chinese Funeral Rites" Mr. Theodore Wores abandons hard gaudy commonplace and finish for the style of Monticelli. Miss H. H. Hatton's dainty little Bretonne, called "Palm Sunday," is exquisitely simple, and simply exquisite. Mr. J. J. Shannon, the too fashionable lady-painter, displays his old grace, dexterity, and elegance in his "Miss Luck," a full-length portrait in black.

This gallery abounds in *tours de force*. Mr. Arthur Melville's "Audrey and her Goats" is brutally clever—brilliant heavy green, no gradation, red flesh, masses of chestnut hair against copper beech-trees, and figures dashed in with breathless audacity. Note, too, his "impression" in water-colours of "Les Danses Javonaïses" at the Paris Exhibition, in the little room—exotic, daring, but clearly discernible, neither near nor far off. "Light of Light," again, by Mrs. Marianne Stokes, shows us the Mother and Babe as lay figures for the display of the lady's dexterity in dealing with reflected light. But even the consummation of cleverness, and that French in every touch, does not approach art. We have liked nothing

that Mr. Pettie, R.A., has done for some years better than his single figure of a negro against an emerald background that may signify sub-tropical vegetation—a fine bit of colour, with the somewhat cheaply opportune title of “In the Dark Continent.” Mr. David Murray, *le Corot écossais*, has some fine landscapes scattered through the gallery; so have Mr. Mark Fisher—blue and breezy—Mr. Robert Noble, Mr. Keeley Halswelle, and Mr. Aubrey Hunt. There is a charm of unromantic veracity about Mr. Stanhope Forbes’s boy leading a calf home from market. Mr. A. Stuart Wortley has plied an industrious portrait-painter’s brush.

In the East Gallery Mr. Napier Hemy’s large and silvery “Oporto” is his finest contribution for the year. Sir Arthur Clay’s huge “Parnell Commissioners” will mellow into a picture of great historic interest. At present the scarlet of the judicial robes is rather too veracious, and the portraits aggressively faithful. Mr. Charles W. Bartlett’s portrait of “Maude Millett” against a blue background does justice to her buttercup-strewn tulle ball-gown. Mr. C. N. Kennedy’s “Dryad” is worth many of his “Perseus” at the New. But the flesh tints show the unclothed, not nude, model; and the studio, not open air. “The Orchard,” by Mr. Guthrie, cannot be passed unnoticed. It is heavily, vividly green, strong and clever, and shows a little subtler sense of gradation than Mr. Melville’s “Audrey.” It is of that school. As we pass out we note Mr. Hubert Vos’ “Brussels Almshouse,” so cleverly painted, with its characteristic figures, its sanded floor, and subdued light, that we regret so pleasing a painter should for the second time—last year in pastel—have chosen so *triste* a theme.

INSIDE PARLIAMENT.

THE week has been spent in a prolonged struggle in Committee on the postponed clauses of the Budget Bill. These clauses impose the new spirit and beer duties for local purposes, and the contention of the Opposition is that their proper place is in the Excise Duties Local Taxation Bill. The fight began on Friday, and has been carried on for several days with spirit and persistency, and with damaging consequences to the Government. The Tories denounce the debates as obstructive; the Liberals describe them as the necessary and adequate discussion of important questions. Whatever else may be said, they have given an interest and an animation to Parliamentary proceedings which have recently been wanting. Much of the heat generated during these discussions has been due to the bungling of the Government. The clauses imposing the duties should have been in the same Bill that provided for their application; but this course the Government have obstinately refused to take. The consequence has been the loss of three or four days, and an argumentative triumph for the Opposition. On Friday Sir W. Harcourt, Mr. Parnell, and Mr. Healy threw themselves into the conflict with much vigour. They had an unassailable position on the general doctrines which they held, and the Irish party had a special grievance based on the refusal to give the local authorities in Ireland any control of the fund provided for buying up the publicans. The occupants of the Treasury Bench felt themselves in a place of great embarrassment. They could not offer a coherent and consistent vindication of their conduct. Mr. Goschen said one thing, Mr. Balfour another, and Ministers never looked more wretched and woe-begone than during this debate. Mr. Smith tried on Friday to cut away most of the difficulty by the Closure, but Mr. Courtney declined to accept the proposal. The result was that the division on the first amendment to the first of the postponed clauses was not taken till the close of the sitting.

The struggle was resumed on Monday in hardly more promising circumstances for the Government. The Opposition, unawed and unaffected by the threats of the Tory press, were

determined not to allow the Government to have these clauses without a prolonged struggle. Mr. Healy was, in some respects, the hero of the debate on Monday. His readiness was unfailing, and he assailed the Treasury Bench in a series of clever, biting, and incisive speeches. He tried first to suspend the operation of the new tax in Ireland till the introduction of the local government, and supported the proposal in a lively and effective speech. The Government, of course, would not have it, and the proposal was got rid of by the Closure. Then, when the Scotch case was raised by Dr. Cameron, Mr. Healy came to the assistance of the duller wits of the Scotch members, and treated the Chancellor of the Exchequer to a dose of pitiless and trenchant sarcasm. When he said, for example, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer must be fully acquainted with the character of German potato-spirit, the House enjoyed the thrust immensely, even though it was not in the best taste. At last, however, the fourth clause was passed, and the fifth, which raised no serious contention, was also agreed to.

It was now half-past twelve, and the Government ought to have consented to report progress. Instead of doing that, they endeavoured to force the other clauses through by the tyrannical strength of their majority and by the use of the Closure. The spirit of the Opposition was roused, and the two parties entered on one of the fiercest conflicts of the session. The issue of the struggle really rested with the Chairman of Committees. The only way of successfully opposing a Ministry in such a case as this is by alternate motions that progress be reported and that the Chairman leave the chair. If Mr. Courtney had treated these motions as dilatory and obstructive, and declined to put them, the Opposition would have been beaten. Fortunately for Parliamentary freedom, though much to the chagrin of the Government, the Chairman took a higher sense of his duty. He permitted these motions to be made; and if the Opposition were resolute their victory was certain. No Government can hold out against a determined minority constantly moving and debating dilatory motions. The Opposition knew that they had the game in their hands, and they declined to enter into bargains or compromises with the Government. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was left almost alone to fight the battle. Mr. Smith went home at two o’clock, and though some of the other Ministers remained, they gave Mr. Goschen as little assistance as they could. Mr. Goschen, sulky and soured by the combat, fought without temper or dignity, and the angry helplessness of the right hon. gentleman only served to stimulate the spirit of the Opposition. At last Lord Hartington saw that the Government must surrender. With a veiled reflection on the conduct of the Chairman, which he afterwards repudiated, he advised that progress should be reported, and Mr. Goschen sullenly accepted the suggestion. The Opposition celebrated their triumph by a succession of cheers.

To punish the Opposition for their resistance, Mr. Smith on Tuesday proposed to give the Budget Bill precedence over all other business. This led to a lively debate, in which Mr. Smith listened to some very plain-spoken criticisms on his conduct of business. The present deadlock was due solely to the bungling of the Government. Mr. Sexton spoke of their “chronic incompetence,” and Mr. Labouchere declared that the leader of the House had forfeited the reputation of being even a good man of business. Charges of obstruction were made on the Tory side, and hotly denied on the other; but the lesson of the struggle early in the morning had not been lost on the Government. They were in a more subdued and conciliatory frame of mind, and Mr. Smith expressed his desire to conduct the debate of the question in a reasonable spirit. The result was that they got the whole time of the House for the Bill by a large majority, and that the discussions during the rest of the sitting were comparatively quiet and passionless.

On Wednesday the Customs and Inland Revenue Bill, with its clauses imposing the new Spirit and Beer duties, passed through Committee. The closing day of the struggle was

Bill

remarkable chiefly for its declarations of combat. Challenges and defiance were hurled from one side to the other, and both parties therefore will enter on the Committee on the Bill allocating these duties in an extremely antagonistic and warlike spirit. Mr. Ritchie no doubt thought that he could convince the Opposition when he announced that the Government were determined to carry both the Land Purchase and the Publicans' Compensation Bill. The challenge thrown down was taken up with promptness and spirit by the Opposition. Sir W. Lawson is always delighted at the prospect of a Parliamentary *mêlée* over the drink question; and Sir W. Harcourt told Mr. Goschen that the fight just terminating was a mere preliminary skirmish. Mr. Goschen did not seem to like the prospect, and though he was ready to meet Sir W. Harcourt in pitched battle he owned a very intelligible dislike to guerilla warfare. It struck everyone who heard Mr. Goschen that there was no anticipation of victory on his side, and that he was entering the struggle a dispirited if not a beaten man. Mr. H. H. Fowler told the Government that the coming contest would be the most stirring and protracted that had been witnessed in Parliament for many years. Perhaps the most ominous speech of all was Mr. Caine's. He told the Government that by this policy they were breaking up the Unionist party in the country. Lord Hartington, who heard the declaration, did not seem to like it, but he must be deeply conscious of the injury this Compensation Scheme has done to the Unionist party.

On Thursday Mr. Smith gave the House another example of his paternal management. He prescribed a certain amount of work to be done before the holidays, and announced that until it was performed there could be no adjournment. Fortunately, Mr. Smith's task, though considerable, was not excessive. On the vote on account some discussion took place on British and German policy in South Africa. It is curious that while on this question Liberals are disposed to trust Lord Salisbury, his own supporters seem to think that he is too ready to acquiesce in German pretensions. Several gentlemen on the Tory side of the House addressed the Government in menacing language, and warned them against the surrender of British interests to Germany. Sir J. Fergusson declined to say anything as to the nature of the negotiations, but he assured the House that the Government would be careful to maintain the rights of British subjects in Africa.

The influence of the impending holiday was plainly felt in the House during the evening. Many members had already, indeed, taken their departure for the country or the sea-side, whilst among those who remained there was a disposition to allow the angry feelings of the early part of the week to subside, so that all might part in peace for the brief adjournment.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS AND THE OXFORD DONS.

SIR,—My attention has been called to an angry article in your current number under the heading: "Why 'Blackguards'?" There is a good deal of matter in it which is personal to myself; but I do not think it right to trouble the public with any private grievance, when I have in my mind a crying public one. To speak frankly, I wish to use the opportunity afforded me by your article for calling the attention of your readers to a *great public scandal*. The words of mine quoted in the article in question were written under the influence of the grief and indignation which I felt, and am feeling, in common with all those who understand the beauty of the art of the past, and its value to history, at the manner in which the public bodies at our older Universities have treated the inestimable treasures of art committed to their charge.

Those bodies, which should have been the guardians of the

beauty left us by our forefathers, have been industrious in destroying it during the last thirty years: I say the last thirty, and pass over the time when the destruction of ancient buildings was in a way excusable in any particular body, because of the general ignorance on the subject: an excuse which is no longer valid.

Thirty years ago Oxford was one of the most beautiful cities in Europe, and the most beautiful city in England. Will anybody (out of Oxford) deny that this beauty was a matter of importance to the education of the place? For my part, I assert that this visible embodiment of the *genius loci* was the one thing which gave Oxford any advantage, as a place of education, over more modern institutions. Without it, and except for the preservation of it, the University would have been far more useful if it had been removed to Birmingham, or even Manchester. Two-thirds of this beauty has now been destroyed; and who is guilty of this injury to the highest (rather than the higher) education? Clearly the Universities and Colleges; for if the townsmen have been partakers in the crime, who could expect mere ignorant laymen to refrain from acts of vandalism, when the most learned bodies in the country were setting the example of commercial destruction?

As to this destruction, I pass over mere blunders in art such as "restorations," disastrous as those have been; although it might be thought that *learned* bodies ought not to have been worse than other people in their judgment of such matters, but better: what I now want to call your attention to is that destruction for the sake of profit of which there has been so much during the last few years. And I repeat that it is a *great public scandal* that the Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge should be allowed to destroy, without the express permission of the whole nation, buildings which they look upon as mere marketable private property, but which should be the property of the whole nation.

It may be, indeed, that they will plead ignorance as to the value of these buildings, which would be a strange plea for bodies engaged in education to put forward. And yet I fear that they are ignorant. In that case cannot they learn from the instructed? Again I fear that they *will* not; that, like the writer of your article, they will plead honest poverty as an excuse for continuing to damage the community. And yet, are they content to be handed down to posterity as the greatest enemies that art has met with in this country during the nineteenth century?

Sir, I wish to make peace with these gentlemen whom my plain-speaking has so offended; for, indeed, my anger comes from my heartfelt love for Oxford and its best associations. But I cannot make peace until they cease to make war upon art and history, which, in my poor judgment, make up between them a full half of "education." And an opportunity for peace is, it seems, now to hand.

Even if the Colleges had not existed, Oxford thirty years ago would still have been one of the most beautiful towns in England; it is heart-breaking to think of the disregard with which this side of its beauty has been treated; but there is still some of it left; and of all parts of the city, Holywell Street contains the most of this old town architecture, and is still a most delightful street, in spite of the gap caused by the gaunt and ugly new buildings of New College. It is not too much to say that it is a quite invaluable piece of modest town architecture. Now I am most grieved to hear the current report that this remnant of Oxford before the age of "Culture" is threatened with almost complete destruction; and I confess that I write this letter chiefly in the hope that some public protest may be made against its demolition, and that the Colleges, if they have any intentions against it, may be shamed into reconsidering them.

To conclude, I have two suggestions to make: the first is that the Universities and the Colleges should appoint a commission, whose business should be the preservation of all monuments of art which they could by any possibility deal with; such a commission, of course, to be composed of the persons best

qualified to advise and act in the matter. I say most emphatically that it is the duty of the Universities to take some such step in order to put a stop to the orgy of destruction in which they have been indulging.

But if they refuse to do their duty; if, let us say, their honest poverty compels them to live by destroying the national property, I suggest as an alternative expedient that a society be formed for raising a fund wherewith to buy, for the benefit of the nation, College property, of which old buildings or other works of art form a part, and which may come into the market from time to time. This scheme would have the double advantage of saving the old buildings, and at the same time helping the Colleges to the means of prosecuting any further experiments in competitive education which they may have a mind to. I am prepared to back my opinion herein, by subscribing to such an association as much as I possibly can.

Finally, allow me to congratulate Trinity College (Oxford) on having preserved the quaint and characteristic houses near its gates, and thus offering a contrast to its ambitious neighbour Balliol, the destruction of whose buildings is such a disgrace to the ancient House, such a gross insult to the "Famous Men and Fathers that begat it."—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Kelmscott House, Upper Mall, Hammersmith,
May 19th.

[But, we ask once more, "Why Blackguards"?—ED. SPEAKER.]

THE "DOVE COTTAGE" SCHEME.

DEAR SIR,—I should like, if you will kindly allow me, to call the attention of those among your readers who have not already seen it, to a little book by Mr. Stopford Brooke, which has been issued by Macmillan & Co. within the last few days.

"Dove Cottage," as the small grey-coated volume is called, is put forth by its author to plead the cause of a scheme which should strongly appeal "to all those to whom the work and memory of the poet Wordsworth are dear." This scheme is to secure, as a national possession for England, the cottage at Grasmere, where Wordsworth lived from 1799-1808. The name of Rydal Mount is popularly much more closely associated with the poetry of Wordsworth than is that of Dove Cottage, Grasmere—and in the former place, of course, much of his noble work was done—yet this little dwelling was also the birthplace of many of his most beautiful poems; and, moreover, "the whole house is perfumed with memories" of Wordsworth himself, of "Mary" his wife, and of Dorothy his sister—women ever memorable in literature—and of their many illustrious visitors, of whom the most frequent and welcome was Coleridge.

We are asked by the promoters of the scheme to help to contribute to the purchase of this "little spot of earth to which England owes so much." It is estimated that £1000 will cover the whole expense of buying and setting in order the cottage and field adjoining it; and it is further calculated that after this first outlay, the place can be maintained—as is Shakspeare's birthplace at Stratford—by an admission fee of sixpence from every visitor. Later on it is proposed, if necessary, to build a Wordsworth Museum and Library "of a simple cottage form," and for this another £500 would be needed. But the entire sum is not a large one to ask from English folk for the preservation of the spot where first sprang to life some of the loveliest possessions of their literature, and this little volume begs for it in charming fashion. Therein is also found the story of the way this plan arose, a full account of the scheme itself, and reasons why the purchase should be made—"reasons drawn from the associations, personal, literary, moral, which gather round this cottage, from the poetic sentiment which abides in it, and from its preciousness to English-speaking men and women over the whole world." This latter part, which forms the bulk of the book and its special literary interest, tells us of the persons who inhabited this Grasmere cottage; of the place itself, and of the poems which there were born. The simplicity and grace with which the tale is told well befit the subject of which the author writes, and will doubtless give much pleasure to everyone who reads it. Both scheme and book alike

are worthy of the notice and support of all who care not only for English literature and for Wordsworth and his work, but also for the moral and spiritual growth of England which owes, and still will owe, so much to this poet's life and poetry.—Yours faithfully,
KATE M. WARREN.

Communications concerning the scheme may be made to the hon. secretaries:—Professor Knight, The University, St. Andrew's, N.B.; W. M. G. Brooke, 14, Herbert Street, Dublin; or to the Rev. Stopford Brooke, 1, Manchester Square, W.

All subscriptions will be acknowledged by the treasurer, George Lillie Craik, Macmillan & Co., Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

CIVIL SERVICE REGULATIONS.

SIR,—With reference to your appropriate paragraph on the memorial for the abolition of patronage, I may be permitted to call attention to the compulsory allowance with which a successful candidate in the Royal Irish Constabulary Cadets' Examination must provide himself.

There are many who would compete but for this obnoxious clause in the Civil Service Regulations.—Yours obediently,

ROBERT W. FARRELL.

19, Blatchington Road, Hove, Brighton, May 21st.

IN HYDE PARK.

BY sunlit lake and velvet grass,
By golden banks of sweet azaleas,
Under the fluttering boughs they pass,
The fools, the fashion, and the failures:
A never-ending, jostling line,
In earnest talk, or jesting trivial—
Old eyes grown dim, young eyes that shine,
Worn faces, placid, and convivial.

We view strange contrasts from our chairs—
With smiles, half pitying, half malicious,
In men of pleasure or affairs,
In beauty real or meretricious:
With calm sarcastic gaze we note
Smith, swaggering about his money,
Poor Jones's prehistoric coat,
Brown's vain endeavours to be funny.

At these and many more we smile:
It's very easy to deride them,
But why not picture them awhile
Without their foolish masks that hide them?
Perhaps in every group of men
Heroes there are, though none suppose it
Only, in spheres beyond our ken,
There's some recording angel knows it!

Perhaps each woman, vulgar, mean,
Or dull, knew once some deep devotion—
For one short hour sublime has been
More brave, more true than we've a notion!
Think how *each* one has bowed below
Earth's weary load of pain and weeping;
Think of the joys *all* must forego,
Too blest and sweet for mortal keeping!

Can we not grope the clay beneath,
To find the diamond's radiance hidden?—
Inhale the violet's fragrant breath
Through rankest weeds that climb unbidden
Ah! if we would discern the good,
The sad world-scheme must grow completer—
Truths, dimly guessed, be understood
And all our coming Junes be sweeter!

F. H.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, May 9, 1890.

IT is recorded of Helen's Babies that they liked their stories "very bluggy." They have grown up now, apparently, ten thousand strong, and pervade Great Britain. To-day everybody wants his stories "bluggy." Even rural deans insist on massacre. A couple of decades since, things were quite different. Then, Anthony Trollope got his five thousand pounds a novel for being decorously polite, and introducing us to the most respectable commonplaces of Barset and Barchester. The tendency in those days was all towards the simple domestic emotions. Blood was eschewed as vulgar, and even sensational novelists, while they kept us on the tiptoe of expectation through three stout volumes, never revelled in actual gore, like our modern romancers, or described with minute detail the dying throes of a transfixed Zulu. To bite a spear with red foaming teeth as it clove one's skull would have been considered ill-bred. Take Wilkie Collins's "Moonstone" as an excellent example of the kind of thing I mean. There, a mighty master in his own craft hangs us on tenterhooks from beginning to end of a long and involved plot, in a pervading atmosphere of horror, weirdness, impalpable mystery. And all about what? Why, a stolen diamond! No more than that. No poison, no assegais. A jewel is missing: who was it that took it? True, Godfrey Ablewhite is murdered incidentally near the end of the last volume; but he counts for nothing. The mystery is almost out by that time. But the fact remains that all along, while we have been thrilling with horror in every nerve—not a thing has happened to disturb our rest, save that the Moonstone is missing!

Within a single generation, all this has changed. The novelist nowadays is expected to go into business as a wholesale dealer in human gore. He must be a realist in flesh cuts; he must describe the visible results of a sword-thrust or a cavalry charge with all the minute accuracy of a surgical specialist or a Homeric warrior. He must swear by blood and thunder, or by blood and wounds; he must wade knee-deep in the carnage of the battlefield. If he has murder to commit, he must do it *coram populo*; he must smite his Abner under the fifth rib, before the eyes of all the world, with incidental accompaniments of slash and spurt, intended as "corroborative detail to add verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative." Mr. Rider Haggard heads the school, of course; the rest of us tail it: but its causes go far deeper down than Mr. Haggard or any other one man—they go down into the very heart and core of the English people. It is the public taste itself that has changed, not the mere fancy of any popular novelist that has imposed a change upon it. We have here to deal with a Revolution in Feeling. And surely it may be worth while to pause for a moment in our career of crime, and consider to what that Revolution is due. Too much has already been written about the phenomenon itself, of course; but nothing, so far as I know, about its meaning and its causes.

Let me begin by saying that I don't for a moment desire to call the kettle black—to blame Mr. Haggard or anybody else in particular for the existing state of public taste in this matter. He kills, like the rest, to please the public. We all do it: we are all obliged to do it. The People ask for blood and thunder, and blood and thunder their purveyors accordingly purvey them. Supply and Demand, those impassive deities of our exacting modern politico-economical creed, rule the market, in books as in muslins. All the bookmaker can do is to hear and obey. What they compel, he writes. He has no option.

"But how degrading," says the easy non-producing critic, "to the very idea of literature! Surely men of letters should have a higher ideal! Surely they should write what they feel truest and

best, in spite of the public! Surely they should impose their taste on the world, instead of letting the world impose its taste on them! Why don't they have the courage of their convictions?" Very pretty indeed—for the non-producing critic: but for the earner of his bread how meaningless, how impractical! Don't you see, dear hypocritical soul, it isn't a question at all of what the author produces, but of what *you* will buy? The author, of course, prefers to please himself: but he very soon learns that when he pleases himself, he generally pleases himself only. It's no use his writing what he can't sell. If he turns out high literature, of a sort which the market doesn't want, no publisher will take it from him, no editor will pay him for it, and it goes in the end, unread, into the wastepaper basket. We have all had a few such experiences as that; and being most of us journeymen labourers, with wives and children to support, we soon learn to eschew our own tastes, and to turn out the article the market demands of us. We can't make a living out of writing books that nobody will print for us.

The question is, then, why has the taste of the people altered?

If you turn over some old numbers of the *Illustrated London News*, about the time when we were all boys—say, in the days of the Crimean War—and compare them with the woodcuts of the present moment, I think you will see that the change is not confined to literature. To be sure, in the Crimean period there were pictures of battles, enough and to spare; but they were pictures with a difference—strategical, not sanguinary. There was the "View of Cronstadt," and there was the "Attack on the Malakoff;" there was the "Allied Army in Camp before Sebastopol," and there was the "Gallant Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava." But all these were seen, as a general would have seen them, with tactical judgment, from a height in the distance; not as trooper Thomas Atkins, of the Middlesex Horse, saw them, at close quarters in the midst of the *mêlée*. Contrast with these our modern illustrations of the operations in the Soudan—Full-Private Atkins in his pith helmet driving a bayonet, all blood-stained, through the wriggling body of some naked fanatic, or a crawling negro band surprising with rude spears a crowd of angry and wounded Arabs. The one group of pictures sets before us war as one sees it in history; the other group sets before us war as one sees it in the stern reality of the battlefield.

Now, all this indicates a change of feeling in the public generally. The Recrudescence of Barbarism has affected us, throughout, to our very marrow. The iron of the assegai has entered into our souls. We have learned to gloat on blood, instead of shrinking appalled from it. Our theatre, our art, our literature, our politics, each bears witness alike to the backward movement. The gladiatorial spirit is abroad among our people once more. The fierce joy of the arena has revived in our midst. I am sure thirty years ago people would have judged the current pictures of Soudanese warfare indecent, as they would have judged the crowd that flocked to see Succie starve at the Aquarium un-Christian. A wave of retrogression has come over us now in all those respects. The sun has gone back upon the dial of England. Not only are we no longer a peace-loving people; we are beginning to acquire that hateful taste for the sight of blood that characterises the arena or the Spanish bull-ring.

On the Continent the Recrudescence dates back, we all know, to the Franco-German War. It is a result of the new *régime* of European armed suspense. It belongs to the same retrogressive military system as universal service and the line of great forts that ring round the frontiers of France, Italy, Germany. With ourselves, though influenced in part no doubt by a reflex of this expansive Continental wave, the Recrudescence is more largely due to the existing epoch of Little Wars, and especially, I believe, to the Conquest of Africa. Of late years, indeed, Africa, like the

poor, has been always with us. There has been endless fighting, exploring, filibustering, land-grabbing: we have continually annexed, meddled, interfered, and protected. To all this, I believe, the Recrudescence largely owes its rise: it is a legacy of that false Imperialism and aggressive Jingoism of which Sir Bartle Frere was the chief prophet. It smacks of the wrong sort of a Big England.

"But we had extra-European wars long before, which produced no such evil result on character or letters. If the Colonisation of America and the Conquest of India didn't beget and foster a sanguinary literature, pray why should the Overrunning of Africa beget one?" Those who would answer thus, overlook the time-element, the effect due to the cosmopolitanisation of the globe, the annihilation of space and sea and distance in the nineteenth century by steam and electricity. In the good old days, pioneers who went away from England to India or the Colonies, stayed long, and felt the burden of their isolation heavy upon them. They wrote to their friends at distant intervals; they returned seldom; they hardly modified at all the peaceable current of home opinion. As far as England was concerned, they were as if dead. Nowadays, all that is wholly altered. The telegraph and the railway have put us in close connection with the Nile and the Niger. When a Little War breaks out in Afghanistan or Zululand, we know all about its veriest skirmish in London as soon as men know in Calcutta or Cape Town. The Special Correspondent, the Special Artist, the Special Commissioner, run up and down the world (like their prototype in the Book of Job) by special train, and send us particulars by special wire, which tells us as much as if we were on the spot to see and hear it. Graphic detail becomes as cheap as dirt. Blood is spattered through whole columns of our newspapers. Suakim is as familiar to us as St. Paul's Churchyard; Majuba Hill as little of a mystery as Piccadilly Circus. Mr. Farini brings live Zulus across to exhibit at Westminster; Stanley and Joseph Thomson run through Africa and back, and return to stand at gaze in Belgravia. Egypt is nearer to us in all practical ways than Edinburgh was at the beginning of the century.

Nor is that all. Colonial opinion and English opinion now mix and intermingle with unwonted freedom. The men who have fought and bled (themselves or others) in these Little Wars are in our midst everywhere. Some of them write books, and some of them paint pictures. The filibustering spirit permeates society. We have all brothers in South Africa and cousins in Hong Kong. Our sons grow tea in Ceylon, or till the Himalayas; our nephews are ranching among the red men in the ice-clad Rockies, or hunting diamonds with the black men in vile dens at Kimberley. Your next-door neighbour fought with Boers for the pastures of the Transvaal, or is interested in Mr. Cecil Rhodes's semi-sovereign concession, or has shares in the New Guinea Company, or does a little trade on his own account with rival kings in Honolulu. Now, one can't deal much with barbarians and not become to a certain extent barbarised. And the Recrudescence which we see in English literature to-day depends in the last resort, I believe, mainly at least, upon this sudden bringing into touch together of England and the Outlands. If you doubt it, just observe how much of the new literature is directly barbaric in the placing of its scene—how much of it has its story laid in Central Africa, in Egypt, in Polynesia, in the Wild West—how much of it bears confessed on its very face the true secret of its origin and evolution. Didn't Rider Haggard learn his trade among Zulu kraals, and isn't Robert Louis Stevenson a proprietor in Samoa?

I am writing by a beautiful blue English bay, in warm spring weather. Fleecy clouds dot the sky, and yellow sandstone cliffs gleam bright in the background. I lift my eyes from my paper

for a moment, and see a quiet small town, a fourteenth-century church, a sleepy port, an old stone pier that dates back to the immemorial days of the Plantagenets. In the twenty years I have known this little borough life has flowed on in it even and peaceful. Fiddler Moore and Gardener Gee have given each other good-morning. Hardly a house has been built: hardly a change has occurred, save by natural death or infrequent removal. Well, those were the conditions, practically, under which, till yesterday, a large part of our literature was begotten and brought forth. I close my eyes and look away mentally. Last November I stood by the banks of the Nile. Desert hills baked around me. Naked men were toiling wearily in black burnt fields. Thirsty camels stalked grey against the grey mountains behind. British red-coats sat roosting at the dirty Greek *café*. A contractor was hard at work on his dusty military railway to Assouan. The officer by our side was telling us grim stories of the advance on Khartoum. Children in the foreground, with flies clustering thick on their bleared eyes unheeded, were showing their sores, and clamouring with outstretched brown hands for backshish. An Arab boy draped in an old commissariat corn-sack was beating them off with Oriental carelessness at the infliction of blows. And further up, by Wady Halfa, there was fighting going on between ourselves and the dervishes—fighting of the familiar special artist's description. Well, those are the conditions under which the literature of to-day is in great part conceived, or by which at least it is coloured and distorted. Can we wonder if the new is more bloodthirsty than the old? Can we wonder if the public nursed on war-correspondence and Stanley ovations is so far attuned to it?

GRANT ALLEN.

REVIEWS.

THE SELKIRK GLACIERS.

AMONG THE SELKIRK GLACIERS: BEING THE ACCOUNT OF A ROUGH SURVEY IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN REGIONS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA. By William Spotswood Green. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

THE exploring work done by Mr. W. S. Green some years ago in New Zealand is well known to mountaineers. In 1888 he attacked the still less familiar regions quite lately made traversable by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the results of his expedition, undertaken with the support of the Royal Geographical Society, are now described in a popular literary form. His enterprise was in the strictest sense a "path-breaking" one, for next to nothing had been done beyond what was necessary for the surveying and construction of the railway itself. Much more remains to do, but it is Mr. Green who, with great toil and difficulty, and with barely adequate means, has laid out for his successors the lines on which they must proceed. The Selkirks are a glaciated mountain range, apparently of very early geological formation, lying to the west of the Rocky Mountains, and "enclosed by the great loop of the Columbia and Kootenay rivers." Ten years ago there was no less known or less accessible part of British North America short of the Arctic Circle. The surveyors of the Canadian Pacific Railway were quite in the dark as to the existence of a practicable pass, though it was of vital importance to the success of the line to find one. Mr. Sandford Fleming, who was in command of the operations, has narrated the discovery of "Rogers Pass," as it is now called. A route has now been pierced by the railway, and so far the traveller fares very well. Off the railway, however, the country remains almost untouched. At a few principal stations there are hotels, inhabited by a transitory population of railway officials and through travellers. A few easy excursions are habitually made from these centres, and a few scattered mining settlements among the hills are reached with some difficulty by pack-horses. The rest is virgin snowfield, glacier, and forest—the forest being of a particularly unpleasant kind for exploration. Mr. Green had to be not only his own surveyor, topographer, and guide, but his own hunter, porter, packer, driver, and groom. In addition to the ordinary burdens and troubles of transport, he had photographic and surveying

instruments to look after. In one word, the whole affair was as different as possible from European holiday mountaineering. One hunter was heard of who might perhaps have developed into a guide, but we shall never know what Mr. Green and his companion would have made of him. He was on the point of joining the travellers, "but when he heard we were two parsons," writes Mr. Green, "he 'chucked it up' in disgust, saying that he would have to knock off swearing for a month, and that that was utterly impossible."

Accordingly, it is not surprising that, although the difference in level between the base of operations at Glacier Hotel and the highest point actually reached is only 6,500 feet, the labour and difficulties of all sorts were wholly out of proportion to what might be expected from the analogy of the Alps, or even—of late years at any rate—of the Caucasus. Only one expedition, the ascent of Mount Bonney, was successfully completed in the mountaineering sense. At other times the work was in the nature of reconnaissance, and quite properly so, the expedition being before all things a topographical and scientific one. Mr. Green and Mr. Swanzy (who, by the way, is named at full length on the first page, but afterwards called "H.") got near enough to the south face of "Sir Donald" to have the same reward which has often attended explorers in new mountain districts—that is to say, they had the pleasure of certifying that, if there were a right way up the peak (as experience has shown that up most peaks there is), it was on some other side. Whoever achieves the quest of Sir Donald will do a good turn to science, as well as earning a good climb and a place in mountaineering annals, for there is a doubt to be settled about the relative heights of Sir Donald and Mount Bonney. No words of approval can be too strong for the zeal and perseverance of the travellers, but the practical conclusion seems to be that they were undermanned. In the present state of the country a mountaineering party in the Selkirks ought to consist of three or four men at least, of whom all should be accustomed to rough camp life; some should be hunters, and one or two should be qualified to take the leader's part on both ice and rocks. There does not seem to be any certainty of obtaining even ordinary porters on the spot. Mr. Green seems to have been unfortunate in the condition of the snow, and on more than one occasion he was unpleasantly near an avalanche or snow-slide. On the other hand there may be a great deal of hard forest work in the valleys, and on the lower slopes. The woods have been much damaged by fires, started by sparks from the railway, and in many places there has resulted from this or other causes a vast and chronic "slash" as the Americans call it. The following paragraph will show what is to be expected:—

"Divesting ourselves of our coats, which we placed on a conspicuous fallen tree until our return, we entered the forest fully prepared for a hot and hard struggle. It is difficult to give anything like an adequate idea of what such forests as these are like. Besides the noble pines in the prime of life dressed with lichens, the young trees growing up, the thickets of blueberry bushes, rhododendrons, and the devil's club with its long broad leaves and coral red fruit but most terrible thorns, there is the network of fallen trees, some rotting on the ground, others piled on top of these at every possible angle, with stumps of broken branches sticking out like spikes. Again, overhead are trees recently fallen, jammed against others, some only needing a push to bring them down. Getting through such a tangle is all hand and knee work. Sometimes a fallen log leads in the right direction, and you can walk along it if the rotten bark does not give way and deposit you in a bed of devil's club. A few hours of this kind of work is a desperate trial to one's temper, you make so little progress for all the labour expended."

Mr. Green's account of the proper work of his expedition is supplemented by episodes of digressions to Vancouver, and from Banff, the "Rockies" station of the Canadian Pacific, or rather a minor station called Laggan, to a charming Alpine lake named after the Princess Louise, and looked down upon by Mount Lefroy, the chief summit of that part of the Rocky Mountains range. Mount Lefroy seems still to await exploration. Mr. Green and his companion had, in this ramble, a difference of opinion about the way, which they could not have afforded to have in a greater expedition. As it was, they were separated for the night. Mr. Green had to sup on tea and bacon without biscuit, and "H." on biscuit and tinned beef without tea; Mr. Green's way was right, and he was rewarded by finding the lake and being drenched in a thunderstorm; "H."'s way was wrong, and he was punished by not finding the lake and by getting ducked in re-crossing alone the river which they had crossed together in a crazy skow.

The book has a very meagre table of contents and no index. But those who wish to acquaint themselves with Mr. Green's work in the Selkirks for any scientific purpose will naturally turn to the Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society for 1889 in addition to the present popular exposition.

M. RENAN'S NEW BOOK.

L'AVENIR DE LA SCIENCE. Pensées de 1848. Par Ernest Renan. Paris: Calmann Lévy, 1890.

FRENCHMEN anxious about the future who have just digested the "Avenir de la Métaphysique," and the "Irreligion de l'Avenir," may now read the "Avenir de la Science," by one who ought to know. M. Renan has had the caution to suppress his manuscript, not for nine years, but for forty. Composed under the impressions of February and June, 1848, some time after he had left the Church, when his mind was settling down in its present groove, it does not give the latest information about things to come, but serves as a monument for the biography of the most celebrated living writer. It displays the beginning of that process of thought which rests, for the present, at the Philosopher's Confession. When he laid down this chart of future exploration he had not achieved the light airy touch of his later manner, the gift of miniature, the perception of the vaguest and most subtle threads and half-threads, the perpetual diffusion of artful conjecture in place of fact. The early Renan legislates, dogmatizes, emphasises, and repeats; and the weight of Mahabharata and Talmud tells on his pace. He is eloquent, but not luminous. He has many polished and sententious sayings that might occur in any one of his twenty volumes; and almost all that he has since done or written is here foreshadowed. We find the germ of his most characteristic performance where he says (in March, 1849) that a critical exposition of the origin of Christianity should be the supreme work of the century, and that he already conceives the sublimity as well as the temptations inseparable from the character of a prophet and a founder of religion.

The bargain is that the book presents him as he was at twenty-five. When he says that he has long thought and written like a rationalist, ignoring religious things, his meaning is not clear. If this is not the forgotten touch of a later hand, it implies that he had already passed through a distinct interval of hostility before reaching the haven of equity, tolerance, and peace. In fact, he had not yet that serene, uncontentious temper which afterwards ripened in the course of controversy, and which has contributed as much to his fame as his extensive learning and the exquisite refinement of his style. The spirit of his attack on Catholicism, published a year before, survives in this volume. He loves to pin his old friends, the plausible and moderate population of the seminary that reared Fénelon, to the most invidious and injurious propositions, admits nothing as authentic but what is official, exhorts them not to know Roman doctrine better than the Roman Pontiff, and denies them the benefit of the tests of continuity, perpetuity, and consistency. He would have them accept the grim realities of Foxe's "Martyrs," rejecting the varnish of the "Exposition," "Télémaque," and the "Petit Carême," and gives no choice but fanaticism or hypocrisy. At the same time he anticipates Strauss's argument in "Die Halben und die Ganzen," and prefers the roses of St. Elizabeth and the cloak of St. Raymond to a criticism which accepts miracles in principle, but restricts their area.

Some day M. Renan will retrace his course of study between Saint Sulpice and his letter to Burnouf, and will name the writers who blended to make up his historicism. Several influences are easy to detect. He lies under the lawless spell of Michelet, and his aphorisms on the past and future services of science are often suggested by Comte. The maxim that philosophers are right in what they affirm, and wrong when they deny, is a literal loan from Cousin, who was not the author of the original error. He learnt from Herder to rely on the creative instinct of the masses, and to think those productions most perfect and divine which are primitive, anonymous, collective. Hegel betrays himself in the recurrent awkwardness of sentences about history as the science of things which, evading Hamlet's dilemma, cannot be said to be or not to be, but incessantly become; and the study of socialism has deposited an admiration for Bazard, the most sensible of the immediate followers of Saint Simon. But among all the solutions that lay in wait for the doubting seeker towards the middle of the century not one can claim M. Renan as a satisfied adherent. The spirit of Undine could not be enclosed in a palpable system, and Lessing himself would be too blunt and wholesale to keep up with a "*pensée délicate, fuyante, insaisissable—câline.*"

He is persuaded that his own experience must be that of others, that the progress of his mind has been normal, with

nothing exceptional in it but the measure of proficiency attained. He affirms that faith and knowledge cannot really co-exist; that it is the property and mission of the one to destroy and to supplant the other. Where we now are, a scholar who prays seems to him as absurd as a constitutional Pope. The founders of modern science, Descartes or Newton, might be religious men; but M. Renan, though he writes during the maturity of Gauss and Faraday and Herschel, thinks that this is no longer possible. The chronological note of the book is the simple negation of the supernatural order. There is a lull in the sound of battle. The problem of the hour is to find what shall succeed religion, not what shall refute it. The author himself does not waver; but he belongs to a divided and groping generation, that lived on, provisionally, dimly wondering with how much authority and finality sociologist, comparative grammarian, or philosophic historian would fill the vacant office of the departed metaphysician and the buried priest. Mayer, and Joule, and the evolutionists have not yet had their opportunity. M. Renan expects that many of his contemporaries, after a life spent in fruitless search, will end by turning, for better security, to the repudiated doctrines. He is not quite sure of his own final perseverance, and meditates complacently on the chance of coming back in old age to the faith of his youth. Whether he means this uncertainty to be a mark of transition and unfinished culture, does not appear. His real anxiety is for the mass of ignorant men. The scholar may doubt and veer; but the people, without religion or any efficient substitute, will inevitably plunge society into barbarism. The destined and efficient substitute is science. For if religion is on the wane, science is waxing in uninterrupted progress, with its methods which never fail, and its conquests which are never surrendered. It is not worth pursuing if it fails to heal the wounds it has caused, to settle the eternal problem, and to assume for ever the place of religious belief.

Having found the spear of Achilles, M. Renan proceeds to hang it on the wall. Physical science appears only in order to tempt us with visions of infallibility and assured progress, and is then withdrawn. Metaphysics fare no better with him, for speculation affords no shelter from the other world, and he sees no more use or fruit in the annals of philosophy than Macaulay and Lewes. The real philosophy of the nineteenth century is History, and every man is just worth as much as he knows and understands of it. The laws manifested in the history of man are the laws that govern his life; the truths revealed by the experience of ages are the only revelation. From it we may learn the properties of mind, the influence of the past upon the present, of the whole upon the part, the art of discerning error, which passes, from truth which endures, the penalty of resisting the sovereign reason and the natural course of things. The alchemy which, within the next hundred years, will completely extract the essence, vital knowledge, from the raw material of fact, is philological criticism. It is the exact science of the products of the human mind; and its step is as firm, its operations as unerring, as those of Physics or Physiology. Political history is a vulgar error. The history of France begins with the Tennis-court. Till then, all was passion, ignorance, caprice, a mere prelude to the reign of mind and the triumph of intelligent design. Although in his studies of the fourteenth century M. Renan has proved himself a master of the craft in the regions of plain sailing and unlimited supplies, his choice lies elsewhere. We believe that he has not cared to reprint some of his best writings, because they lacked the charm of twilight. He drops Church history when he reaches the confines of clearness in the days of Irenæus and Tertullian. His home is in primitive times. The difficulties worthy of a conqueror lie in the origin of things. The true historian, the true philosopher, whose advent marks off our age from the preceding darkness, is the comparative philologist, who draws the vast induction from the earliest inscription on the Nile, the first Chinese observation, the prehistoric parting of the Aryans. The roots of his thought are buried in the Vedas; and he celebrates the recovery of the real Buddha by Brian Hodgson, that wonderful find made in the reign of King George by a scholar who still survives, as the key to the history, that is the natural history, of religion. The Germans, who do not love M. Renan, partly because he has disparaged St. Paul, and partly because he seeks the felicities of divination before the plodder's weary proof, declare that he is after all a sacristan in disguise, and that the habits and prejudices if not the convictions of his mind have been taken over from the seminary he described so well. They will, perhaps, detect Catholic reminiscences in this subordination of thought to history, as well as much ingenious appropriation from Hegel and Comte and Baur. Nothing is more distinctive of the years when these pages were written than the idea that the science of mind is the history of mind, and that

philosophy is a succession, not a system. The originality of the writer resides in his Orientalism, and his chief impulse and inspiration comes from Eugène Burnouf.

In his "Mélanges" M. Renan has stated that history is not a school of morals. It supplies him with all manner of wisdom, but not with an ethical code. A noted passage of his autobiography explains how it is that moral problems never had nor could have any influence on decisive issues of his career. Perfection does not reside in morality, but in adjustment to the ways of humanity in general. Æsthetics are superior to ethics, and it is better to know whether a thing is fair to see than whether it is good according to the vulgar standard of goodness. The real mischief is the want of intellectual training. The educated man has only to follow his bent; and at a certain level of culture, cheerfully defined by M. Renan as his own, he can do no wrong. His conscience is at rest so long as he can persuade himself that the point reached by the improved gorilla in his blind striving is the point aimed at. It is well that there were African generals who had no scruple about putting down the insurrection of June, for if it had been left to M. Renan, he confesses that he would not have known which side to take. It is better to be immoral than fanatical, for people merely vicious do you no harm, whereas fanatics are stupid, and only fit to perish. Nevertheless persecution, which is wrong in an age of doubt, is right in an age of faith, when one man burnt another not for his own private views or ends, but for the common convictions of mankind. To judge otherwise is to be a Liberal, and a Liberal is a fool. M. Renan, in his tolerance of intolerance, even parodies the words of the Italian bishop at Trent, which Catharine quoted to so much purpose on Saint Bartholomew's eve, that it is a charity to persecute. The better to defend the Inquisition he imagines that it was instituted by Spain, and possesses a national sanction. For it cannot be wrong to swim with the stream, yielding to that which is the work not of man but of mankind, the only legitimate authority from which there is no appeal. "*Songez donc que c'est l'humanité qui l'a fait*," and the religion of humanity is the religion of the future.

The dogma of conditional, variable, temporary, uncertain, unimperative morality has never been more firmly or more frankly stated. To readers of certain Parerga of the too diversely prolific author, none of this will be a surprise; but it may help to console Englishmen under the humiliation of unsparing censure. For while M. Renan, under discouraging circumstances, bravely holds up the free thought of the Germans to the admiration and imitation of his countrymen, he cannot too clearly or too often make known his contempt for British intellect. Our science is selfish, earthy, utilitarian, because our religion, a whitened atheism, is the most foolish in the world. The fanatic who worships Kali with the appointed rites is a nobler spectacle than an insipid shopkeeper rescuing Hindoo widows. Our language is worn to thread, our social system is fitted to produce nothing more distinguished than a gentleman-rider; and the only Englishman who can be claimed as a philosopher is Byron. The sage who described paradox as the infancy of commonplace did not sufficiently provide for the paradoxes of a writer who says: "*Tout est fécond excepté le bon sens*." His own remarks on the defects of his book rob the critic of his occupation. And it is useless to investigate how far he holds his early opinions and how far he has outlived them, for he has declared that a good writer says not more than half of what he thinks and a quarter of what he does not think.

AN ESSAY IN CHRISTIAN APOLOGETICS.

BURNING QUESTIONS OF THE LIFE THAT NOW IS AND OF THAT WHICH IS TO COME. By Washington Gladden. London: James Clarke & Co. 1890.

THE task of an apologist is always rather a hopeless one, and the Christian apologist in particular often gets more sneers than thanks for his pains. Still, that department of the Science of Theology known as Apologetics has its own use, and in the right hands has often yielded important results. It may not be possible to argue men into religious belief, still less to convince them by argument that one form of belief is superior to all others. But it is both possible and necessary by a constructive presentation of any religious system to prevent misrepresentation and repel attack. Looked at in this light, Mr. Gladden's book may be described as a sensible essay in Popular Apologetics. It consists of a series of "discourses devoted to the discussion of some of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, as

they appear under the light of modern science." In his treatment of the problems raised the writer has before his mind those weak brethren who fear that we have come at length "to the end of that period of religious history which commenced about nineteen hundred years ago in Palestine;" and "that the religious beliefs which have been regarded throughout Christendom as most fundamental have been undermined by recent discoveries in physical science." In his attempt to show that such fears are far more groundless than is commonly supposed Mr. Gladden is very fairly successful. His "discourses" are of unequal merit, and all of them suffer under the limitations which a popular discussion of such subjects necessarily imposes. But the tone throughout is broader and freer than is often found in books of this description, and Mr. Gladden shows a willingness to hear and understand the other side, which Christian apologists generally would do well to imitate. It is refreshing to see that he makes no attempt to maintain some of the old lines of defence, and it is indeed high time that they began to be abandoned. If the religion of Christ is to remain a living and active faith, it must show that it is elastic and able to adapt itself to the newest needs of mankind. Every age requires its own Apologetic. And the true "Defender of the Faith" is not the man who at all risks maintains all the old positions, but the man who understands that God still speaks "in divers portions and in divers manners," and who has ears to hear.

Mr. Gladden's book falls naturally into two parts. In the first he discusses some of the more metaphysical problems of religion, as for instance, "whether Thought is the offspring of Force, or Force is the offspring of Thought, whether the death of the body is the end of conscious existence, whether there is anything in man but mechanism, and whether prayer brings anything to pass." The second part has to do with questions more particularly concerning the Christian religion, as, Who is Jesus Christ? Are the Gospels fairy tales? and Where is the kingdom of God?

The first two articles in the book on the "Burning Questions," Has evolution abolished God? and Can man know God? are decidedly the best. Their rather sensational titles conceal an intelligent discussion of the bearing of the Evolution theory on the old teleological or design argument for the Being of God, and a fair criticism of the modern Agnostic position. The author's conclusion on the first of these may be concisely given in the answer which, he says, a theological student once made to the question, What do you think of Paley's argument for the existence of God? "It was," he replied, "very well in its time; but the proofs of intelligence and purpose in the Creation that have been shown us by such men as Darwin and Tyndall and Herbert Spencer, are so much ampler and more convincing than those of Paley that his arguments seem weak and inadequate." In dealing with Agnosticism, Mr. Gladden does good service in laying stress on its more positive aspects, which leads him very naturally to question its right to say, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." We cannot deny that a convinced Agnostic might have much to say before he would admit Mr. Gladden's contention. But seeing that he does not pretend to give a critical discussion of the whole subject, but only to indicate reasons for believing that the Agnostic position is not quite so firm and logical as it is often tacitly assumed to be, his attempt deserves all praise. But Mr. Gladden would have greatly strengthened his book had he laid more stress on the moral argument which he brings forward in his third paper under the title, "Is Man only a Machine?" and shown more clearly its connection with the previous discussions. The argument for the Being of God is a cumulative one, and only as the various phenomena, Thought, Cause, Design, Conscience, Will, are brought into connection and exhibited in their relations, do they form a chain of evidence which can even assume to be called proof.

Perhaps the least satisfactory section of the book is that which deals with the question, Who is Jesus Christ? In the first place, it is a large question to be answered within the limits of a brief paper. And when the answer not only treats some of the leading opinions that have been held about Christ, both by friends and foes, but also reviews "the effects of Christianity upon the world broadly and historically," the least that can be said is that it is inadequate. All that Mr. Gladden says upon the subject is good, but it is a pity that he should do himself the injustice of raising by his title hopes which his space is far too limited to allow him to realise. Very much the same may be said of the next "discourse," on the mythical theory of the origin of the Gospels. Mr. Gladden disclaims "any very profound knowledge of theology," otherwise we might have looked for a *résumé* of some of the recent work on New Testament criticism, which, in the space at his command, would have served his purpose better than anything else, and might easily have been made intelligible to

ordinary readers. It is not enough to show that the Gospels are not a conglomeration of myths, without at the same time indicating how they did come to be.

One very hopeful sign about this latter part of the book is the attempt made to bring Christianity into vital relation with some of the problems of modern life. Christian teachers are beginning at last to wake up to the fact that they have something to say on political, social, and industrial questions. And the sooner they begin to speak with authority on these things, as well as on things theological, the better will it be for themselves and for the Churches they represent. When they have learnt to do this as they ought, perhaps it will not be so necessary to ask Mr. Gladden's last "Burning Question," Where is the Kingdom of God?

A JOURNALIST OF THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL.

PORTRAITS ET SOUVENIRS LITTÉRAIRES. Par Hippolyte Lucas. Paris: Librairie Plon. 1890.

"How much worse are these things done in England!" all biographers will say in closing these reminiscences of a French man of letters. Had M. Hippolyte Lucas been an Englishman his readable memoirs of 250 light pages would have taken the shape of a closely-printed octavo of 500, with portraits of his father and mother, anecdotes of his youthful years, and details of his early promise; and his editor, the Rev. Joseph Lucas, of St. John's College, Cambridge, would have hastened to fill up the gaps in the biography, and account for every month on earth of the deceased, by printing letters from his uncles and his cousins and his aunts. Fortunately for the French, the Rev. Joseph Lucas and his like, and the circulating library system which encourages such biographies, keep on this side of the Channel.

M. Hippolyte Lucas was an ardent though inconspicuous adherent of the French Romantic School of 1830. The specimens of his verse given in the "Portraits" prove him but an indifferent poet; but the letters of thanks from many celebrated writers show that he did his duty as a journalist by puffing his friends. In an address delivered at his grave by Edmond About it is said that M. Lucas died without leaving a single enemy, and we can well believe it, for there is not an uncharitable word in the volume before us; and further, of the fourteen papers several are devoted to the memory of struggling and unfortunate artists and writers.

As a set-off to the sympathetic account of the unrecognised musical genius, Mlle. Péau de la Roche-Jagu, and the unhappy poetess, Éliane Mercœur, we have sketches of the two heroes of romance, Chaudesaignes, and Gérard de Nerval of the canopied-bed fame. How the excellent journalist, coming home in a torrent of rain, met on his own doorstep, in the small hours, the umbrella-less and despairing poet; how he pressed him to sleep on the sofa, and kept the divine spark alight with Rhenish wine; how, at a later hour, Gérard disturbed Hippolyte's slumbers and his bed-curtains; and how the poet finished the bottle next morning, and departed sullenly after breakfast—all this we can pass over, for were not both gentlemen of the Romantic School? but the tragedy of Chaudesaignes demanded Homeric laughter from M. Lucas, and not tears. Even Mr. George Moore's account, in his "Confessions of a Young Man," of his enforced separation from his python, his guinea-pigs, and his embroidered dressing-gown, is not more ridiculous than our author's lamentations for the unhappy Chaudesaignes. And who was this unfortunate? Chaudesaignes was also a poet, "un gracieux fantôme, bien fait de sa personne, élégant et spirituel," who loved a rich beauty, and won or lost his twenty-five louis without turning a hair, "lorsqu'il était sous les yeux de la maîtresse de la maison, avec l'aplomb d'un homme qui a cent mille livres de rente." But the unfortunate poet had only a miserable thirty thousand francs in all, and one day when he looked in his pocket-book he found therein but fifteen hundred. Appalled at the discovery, the poet made for a gaming-house, rushed up the staircase, and staked and lost his all in five minutes. What was to be done? For a Romantic under such circumstances, says M. Lucas, one thing only—death. Had not Chaudesaignes himself sung the death of Escousse and Lebras? He had; and therefore, says our author quite gravely, the only question for him to consider was whether he should suffocate himself with a charcoal stove, or, like Chatterton, take sixty drops of opium. But, behold—"il descendit l'escalier, pâle, éperdu; mais